

## RACING NOTES.



FINISH OF THE DERBY.

*Craganour and Aboyeur (in hood) locked together.*

FOUR out of the five classic races of the year have now been decided, and it must, I am afraid, be said that to only one of them—The Oaks—is it possible to look back with any satisfaction. The judge said that Louvois won the Two Thousand Guineas by a head. I am, myself, sure that he was right, but a great many people, among them shrewd and careful observers, did, and do, maintain that Craganour should have been returned the winner of the race. There are, too, many people who think that but for over-confidence on the part of his rider (Saxby) Mr. Bower Ismay's colt would have won very easily indeed. In that opinion I do not share, for, to my way of thinking, Saxby was quite aware of the danger, but the colt was tiring fast. Be these things as they may, it was at all events an unsatisfactory race. Then came the winning of the One Thousand Guineas by Mr. J. B. Joel's Jest by a head from the Duke of Devonshire's Taslett, and the subsequent lodging of an objection on behalf of the latter. It is true that the objection was not upheld by the Stewards, but the lodging of it left an unpleasant feeling behind, for though both fillies were rolling about from distress there is no doubt, I think, that the Duke of Devonshire's filly—she was, by the way, amiss—was the worst offender

of the two. The third of the classic races—the Derby—we saw last Wednesday week. What can be said of it, except that in every sense of the word it was a race which we would willingly forget? As for the horses themselves, they were a well-trained lot, there being, I think, more room for improvement in Great Sport than in any of the others. This is, I should add, a very burly, powerful colt, and it may well be that considerable discretion was necessary in his training. He seemed, however, to be quite sound after his gallop on the hard going at Epsom, and although he is not entered for the St. Leger, he is likely enough to earn distinction before the year is out. How to describe the race I hardly know, nor indeed, except for a few details to which it may be necessary to allude later on, is there much use in doing so. The actual result of the race was that, in a "bumping" finish, Craganour won by a head from Aboyeur—a complete outsider who had, practically speaking, made all the running. A neck behind Aboyeur, Louvois finished third, and close up to him, within about half a length, Great Sport and Nimbus, about a head dividing them, finished respectively third and fourth. Nearly all the way up the straight, especially below the distance, there had been a lot of bumping and scrimmaging, and there being



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM TEN YARDS BEYOND THE JUDGE'S BOX.

little doubt that, as seen from the stand side of the course, Craganour did interfere with Aboyeur in the final stages of the race. Some of us wondered whether there might not be an objection to the winner. None, however, was lodged on behalf of the loser; but, acting on their own initiative, the Stewards themselves objected to Craganour, and, having held an enquiry, disqualified Mr. C. Bower Ismay's colt and awarded the race to Aboyeur, Louvois and Great Sport being in consequence placed second and third. According to the *Calendar*, "The Stewards objected to Craganour under Rule 140 (II.) on the ground that he jostled the second horse. Having heard the evidence of the Judge and Deputy Judge and of several jockeys riding in the race, they found that Craganour, by not keeping a straight course, had at one point of the race seriously interfered with Shogun, Day Comet and Aboyeur and had afterwards bumped and bored the latter so as to prevent his winning. They disqualified Craganour and awarded the race to Aboyeur," the curious point about their finding being that, although Craganour was found guilty, no blame seems to have been attached

them to be wrong, it was their duty to enquire into the matter. And if, having made enquiry, they found their suspicions confirmed, if such evidence was forthcoming as to leave no doubt whatever in their minds that in the course of the race Craganour had unduly interfered with other horses, notably the runner-up, then surely it was their duty to act. It may, at all events, be taken as a fact that to no one was the execution of that duty more distasteful than to themselves. Speaking of the race as I saw it, my impression—a very distinct impression—is that Craganour did drive Aboyeur on to Shogun when Wootton was bringing Mr. E. Hulton's colt up on the rails below the distance, and it was here, I think, that Aboyeur got a cut on his near hind leg. I think, too—this I did not see so clearly—that on another occasion Craganour was the cause of both Day Comet and Shogun being interfered with; and, for whatever it is worth, my impression is that, were the race to be run over again, and fairly run throughout, either the French colt, Nimbus, or Shogun would have won; they would, I think, have been first and second. My reason for



W. A. Rouch.

ABOYEUR, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

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to his rider. Be that as it may, the winner of the Derby was disqualified, and it is not surprising that thereupon controversy should have arisen and, for the matter of that, be still raging. One section—the greater—of the racing community supports the action of the Stewards; the other maintains that their decision was unjust. People there are, too, who, while admitting that the Stewards might have been right, urge that, considering the amount of money at stake and the fact that it was "the Derby," they—the Stewards—should not have interfered with the verdict of the judge, especially since the owner of the second made no objection. As to this latter argument, it is, I think, wholly wrong in principle. It mattered not at all whether the Stewards were dealing with the Derby or a selling-plate. Neither the amount of money at stake—in bets—or the value of the race itself could enter into their consideration. Once they had arrived at the conclusion that the rules of racing had been broken and the race unfairly ridden, their course was clear, entirely irrespective of financial affairs. To my way of thinking, it is equally clear that if the Stewards saw, or thought they saw, anything in the running of the race which seemed to

thinking that Nimbus would have just about won is that he was just beginning to make up his ground at the time when some demented woman threw herself in front of Anmer, bringing horse and rider to the ground. Suddenly snatched up, Nimbus blundered on to his knees, and when set going again must have been nearly fifty yards behind the leaders; in spite of this, he was beaten by less than a length, and, even so, was running strongly on, whereas both Craganour and Aboyeur were "all out," out to the last inch. Louvois, too, made up a lot of ground, and did prove beyond a doubt that, as I had all along maintained, the running in the Newmarket Stakes was not true.

Not a little interest attaches to our illustrations of the race. In the first picture, reading from left to right, Nimbus, Great Sport, Craganour (head up), Aboyeur and Louvois (whip pointing down) are clearly recognisable. In the second picture, taken from a point about ten yards below the judge's box, Nimbus (on the left) is again to be recognised; next to him is Great Sport, next Craganour, very close to Craganour is Aboyeur—but where are the two other horses? One, I think, by the "cloths," is Louvois,

but the other the photographer with whom we have consulted believes to be Shogun, brought into the picture by the angle at which it was taken.

There it is. Never has there been a more sensational or a more completely unsatisfactory race for the Derby; and I do not know that there is need to refer to it further, except to offer our sympathy to Mr. Bower Ismay in his disappointment, than which none more bitter could, I think, fall to the lot of an owner of race-horses. Aboyeur, now officially entitled to rank as the winner of the Derby, is, by the way, by Desmond 16 out of Pawky (1), by Morion (5) out of Clever Girl, by Beauclerc 10 out of Lass o' Gowrie, by Blair Athol 10 out of Queen's Head, by Bay Middleton (1). So that Desmond, who has hitherto laboured under the reproach of never having sired a classic winner, can now boast of being the sire of both the winner and the runner-up for this year's Derby.

I should add that the much vexed question as to whether Craganour is, or is not, a genuine "stayer" will never now be settled, for he has been sold for 30,000gs. to Mr. Martinez de Hoz, a well known and enthusiastic owner and breeder in the Argentine. Stayer or not it is at least certain that Craganour is a very brilliant colt. There is, too, every reason to predict that he will be successful as a sire.

The race for the Derby thus discussed, it is pleasant to be able to say of that for The Oaks that it was a fair and truly run race

head; but seeing that she lost four or five lengths at the start, and that, I believe, the Doris filly had been pretty well tried, she put in a smart performance. She is owned by Major Loder, and is by St. Frusquin 22 out of Miranda 14—own sister to Pretty Polly. Owing to the hard ground, neither Tracery nor Stedfast opposed Prince Palatine in the Coronation Cup, which, under these circumstances, told us no more than that Mr. Pilkington's good horse was well and, therefore, an easy winner. He will not have matters all his own way at Ascot, but it will take a good one to beat him, I think. There should, at all events, be an interesting race between him and Tracery.

TRENTON.

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris: Poet, Craftsman, Social Reformer. A Study in Personality, by Arthur Compton-Rickett. (Herbert Jenkins.)

THOMAS CARLYLE, in talking about Arnold, once said: "Mattha is a clever man; yes, and there is none kens how clever he is but Mattha." Mr. Compton-Rickett puts us in mind a little of this lucid description of Matthew Arnold. He is in every way well equipped for the task he has undertaken—scholarly, appreciative, critical—but something is lost owing to the biographer's evident belief that upon the various characters who figure in the Morrisian drama the last word has been said. He has aimed at making this life complete, and it is almost too complete. The "Analytical Biography" at the end is in itself a most curious production. It is arranged in four columns, which are, respectively, "Events in Morris' Life"; "Social, Political, Religious"; "Literature and Art"; and "Comments." One example taken at random will give the reader an idea of this compilation. It is for the year 1872, and under the first heading are the following events in the life of Morris:

"Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, written on vellum and illuminated.

Translations of Icelandic Sagas.

Dyeing as a new industry added to the firm's work.

Morris with his family vacates Queen's Square and

takes up residence at Hornington House, Turnham Green.

Published *Love is Enough*, or *The Freeing of Pharamond*: a Mortality."

Under the heading "Social, Political, Religious," we have this historical epitome:

"Strike of the Building Trades and Lock-out by the Masters.

The Arbitration (Masters and Workmen) Act passed August 6th.

Smallpox Epidemic.

Public Health Act passed.

Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, assassinated during a visit to the convict settlement in Andaman Islands."

What light an outbreak of smallpox casts on the life of the poet of the "Earthy Paradise" is not very evident, nor, for that matter, does the assassination of the Earl of Mayo elucidate much. In "Literature and Art" we have:

"*Munera Pulveris*, by Ruskin.

*Essays on the Eastern Question*, by Palgrave.

*Under the Greenwood Tree*, by Hardy.

*Fly Leaves*, by C. S. Calverley.

*Middlemarch*, by G. Eliot."

Of the majority of the publications referred to, it need only be said that they had no influence at all. Mr. Compton-Rickett, in fact, makes that comment in his last column, when he says, in reference to the publication of Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree,"

"Morris was unattracted by the Wessex folk of Hardy. They do not strike him as real men and women." The publication of "Middlemarch" can scarcely be said to mark an epoch in anybody's life. As a matter of fact, the name of George Eliot does not occur in the index. His dogmatic opinions in regard to Rossetti, Ruskin, George Meredith and others are enough to tempt anybody into argument. There is not one case in which the last word of criticism has been uttered. Morris himself has not yet fallen into his due place. Probably another generation or two will pass before that happens. The man offered a very lovable and a very admirable mixture. Perhaps the truest oil of criticism in Mr. Compton-Rickett's estimate is that in which he shows Morris to have sunk everything else in the craftsman, so much so that in writing of natural beauty he could use such a phrase as "the well wrought leaf." What Morris lacked more than anything else was depth, and where he lacked it most was in his Socialism. It was in itself a most innocuous creed—a revolutionary spirit done in rose leaf. It was, perhaps, largely founded on a total misunderstanding of the Middle Ages. It would not be accurate to say that Morris did not understand the past, because he did not know it. He knew more about it than the majority, even of those who have devoted a lifetime's attention to the past, but his imagination dwelt only on one side of it and he did not care to realise the darker aspect. It was often delightful to hear him talk about politics, especially when they led him away into the Middle Ages; but this was simply because he glorified the topic with his poetic imagination. If brought down to serious discussion, his talk was little better than the lisping of the nursery. It has beauty, and, if taken in small doses, yields that pleasure which it is the aim of the true artist to impart; but having risen to a high level, he can go on chanting or singing for ever on it, never, like his contemporary, Lewis Morris, descending to bathos, but on the other hand, never rising to the supreme height where poetry speaks the great and final word. And his prose suffered to a considerable extent from the same defect. His "Wondrous Isles" and his characters—half myths, half real, moving amid scenes of beauty are but the creatures of a happy dream



W. A. Rouch.

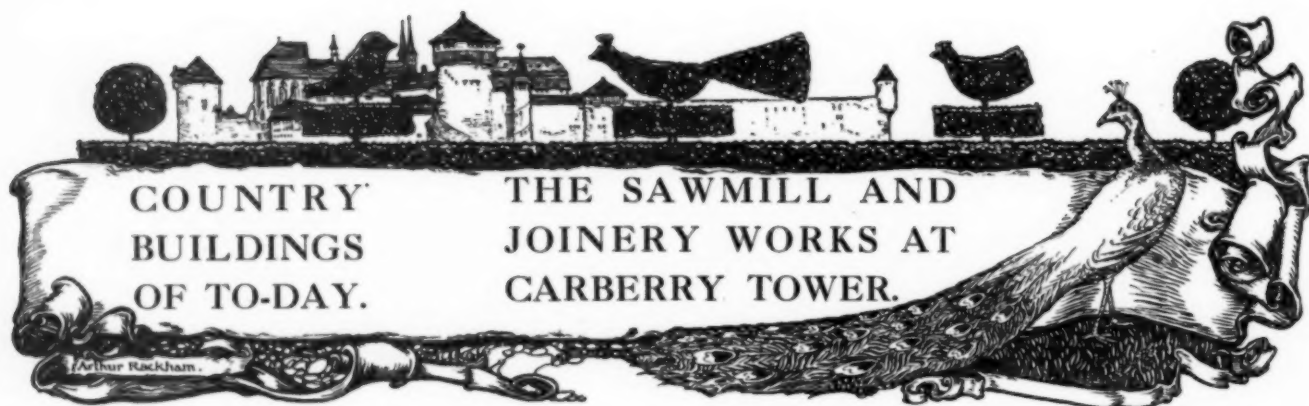
JEST, THE WINNER OF THE OAKS.

throughout, run, too, in exceptionally fast time—2min. 36 3-5sec., just 1sec. less than the 2min. 37 3-5sec. credited to the winner of the Derby—a performance the more brilliant in that the winner, Mr. J. B. Joel's Jest, won quite easily, beating Mr. L. Neumann's *Dépêche* by two lengths, Mr. J. P. Hornung's *Arda*, by St. Frusquin, losing second place by half a length. Jest is by Sundridge (2) out of Absurdity (1), and is the third of Mr. J. B. Joel's home-bred winners of The Oaks. I might perhaps add that of the beaten fillies I cast envious eyes upon Colonel W. Hall Walker's *Petrolina*—what a brood mare she should make one of these days!—by St. Aidan 9 out of Lady Lightfoot (1) (dam of Prince Palatine).

Of the two year olds seen out at Epsom, Mr. D. McCalmont's grey colt, The Tetrarch (2), by Roi Herode (1) out of Vahren, well maintained his reputation by the style in which he won the Woodcote Stakes. He is, moreover, growing the right way, and, all being well, bids fair to develop into a first-class race-horse. Roi Herode is, by the way, of the Thormanby line of Herod, and his present owner, Mr. E. Kennedy, is to be congratulated upon the sound judgment which led him to purchase the horse, as well bred and truly shaped a sire as one could possibly wish to see. Mr. J. B. Joel's colt by Sundridge out of Our Lassie 22—runner-up to The Tetrarch—will win plenty of races; but it may be as well to bear in mind that Ambassador—fifth in the race—ran so wide at Tattonham Corner that then and there he put himself out of court. Mention, too, should be made of Mira, winner of the Acorn Stakes, with the Doris filly, Calandria, Princess Ziria, Decagone and half-a-dozen others behind her. She only just beat the Doris filly by a

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**T**HERE are many whose love of Nature makes them regret the depletion of our home forests. To such people oak and elm are sacred things, worthy of zealous care. There is much to be said in praise of this spirit, but in progressive times demand must be met by supply, and calls on the resources of well-timbered lands are proper enough when due care is given to reafforestation.

At Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, Lord Elphinstone has one of the most up-to-date and efficient power sawmilling and joinery plants ever installed on a private estate. This plant is utilised entirely for the purpose of estate work, the raw timber being cut down and converted into material for estate buildings, fencing and other useful purposes such as garden seats, greenhouses, etc. A description of the plant and buildings may be of interest to many estate owners who at present have not the same facilities for dealing with their timber. At Carberry Tower the buildings for the power laundry, joinery and sawmilling and electric lighting plants, are grouped together and related to one another in their architectural character. The plan shown indicates the general lay-out of these buildings and the position of the machinery in the various sections, including the power laundry already fully illustrated and described in our issue of April 12th.

The power joinery and sawmill are simple brick buildings divided into two distinct sections, viz., the joiners' shop and the sawmill, one prime mover serving both, as well as driving the dynamo for lighting the house by electricity. The power is supplied by a large horizontal steam engine of modern design, with cylinder, 11 in.

diameter by 24 in. stroke, capable of developing 60 b.h.p. at boiler pressure, running at a speed of one hundred revolutions per minute, and fitted with variable expansion gear and automatic cut-off. There is ample power in the engine to allow for future extension.



— THE SAWMILL.

the plant—in fact, under present conditions it works quite satisfactorily with steam pressure at 60 lb. per square inch. One of the illustrations shows the engine in position, together with the dynamo generating electricity for lighting the house.

The boiler generating the steam supply for all the power workshops is placed in a chamber adjoining the engine-house and is of the Cornish type, the dimensions being 22 ft. long by 5 ft. 6 in. diameter, working up to 120 lb. pressure per square inch. The most economical conditions as regards fuel consumption are brought into operation here, the boiler burning up all the sawdust and refuse from the joinery and sawmilling shops, thus effecting a considerable saving in coal. An inspection window is placed between the sawmill and boiler-house so that the steam pressure can be constantly under supervision. In the boiler-house are also fixed a duplex boiler feed pump and a feed water-heater, the latter being supplied with an exhaust steam connection from the engine for the purpose of providing hot feed-water for the boiler. A further economy in steam (and consequently



THE WORKSHOPS AT CARBERRY TOWER.

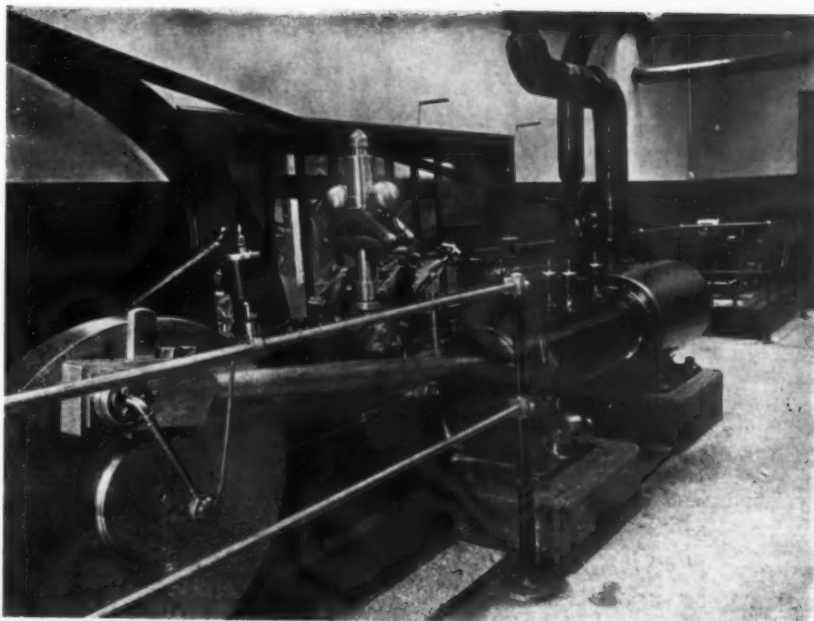


fuel) is thus effected. The machinery and appliances in the sawmilling and joinery shops are of the most up-to-date description for dealing with all kinds of timber, provision being made in the power drives for the highest speeds where necessary. The main belt from the engine drives on to a 3in. diameter steel shaft in the sawmill. It runs at a speed of one hundred and seventy-five revolutions per minute, and from it power is conveyed by belts to the pulleys on the various machines.

The timber, on reaching the sawmill direct from the woods, is unloaded by means of a crane capable of lifting up to two tons, and placed on a large and powerful saw-bench. This bench takes logs up to 20ft. long, and 2ft. deep and can be used with power-saws of various sizes, the largest being 50in. diameter, at a speed of 700 revolutions per minute. The sawdust from this bench is sucked up by a powerful centrifugal fan through a sheet-iron duct and blown into an adjoining chamber for use in the boiler furnace. The sawmill is also fitted with the following tools: Band-saw for cutting circles of any size, jig-saw for cutting scroll-work, and cross-cutting saw-bench running at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute.

The general wood-working shop at Carberry Tower has just been overhauled and put into a very efficient state. It is a well-lit and airy room, connected by a flight of steps with the sawmill, is brick-built, with slated roof and cement floor. In this department, which is provided with a line-shaft 2½in. in diameter, running at a speed of 246 revolutions per minute, there are several very workmanlike machines for turning out good joinery for estate buildings, repairing and garden use, including the following: Convertible saw-bench for general carpentry and light work, cutting tenons, etc., speed 1,380 revolutions per minute, countershaft speed 615 revolutions per minute; planing machine, running at a speed of 3,800 revolutions per minute, driven by countershaft with speed of 815 revolutions per minute; vertical spindle moulding machine, speed 4,000 revolutions per minute, with countershaft speeds 510 and 640 revolutions per minute; lathe, taking in 9ft. by 16in., with small emery grinding wheel, speed ranging from 300 to 1,500 revolutions per minute and countershaft speed 490 revolutions per minute; and morticing machine. There is also the usual complement of working-benches, vices, etc. As in the sawmill, all the machines in the joiners' shop can be run at very high speeds, and are capable of executing work expeditiously when occasion requires.

In conjunction with the plant described, there is a timber-drying stove supplied with a half-inch diameter steam-pipe from the boiler connected to a radiator, where the timber is thoroughly dried and seasoned ready for use. A commodious covered shed is also erected in a handy position for storing timber until required. An important feature of the wood-working plant lies in the economical conditions under which it can be worked. The boiler is of ample, and size only requires about three or four hours' stoking over the whole working day. It can be left for a period of one hour without attention, and during this time enough steam can be generated to drive the whole of the power-machinery depending on it, comprising the large engine driving the sawmill, wood-working machinery and dynamo, the small engine driving the laundry, exhaust heater, pump, radiators and timber drying store. As a rule one man can attend to the boiler and to the two engines and work the sawmill and joinery machinery as well, although when there is any special work urgently required, two or three men are put



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IN THE JOINERY WORKSHOP.

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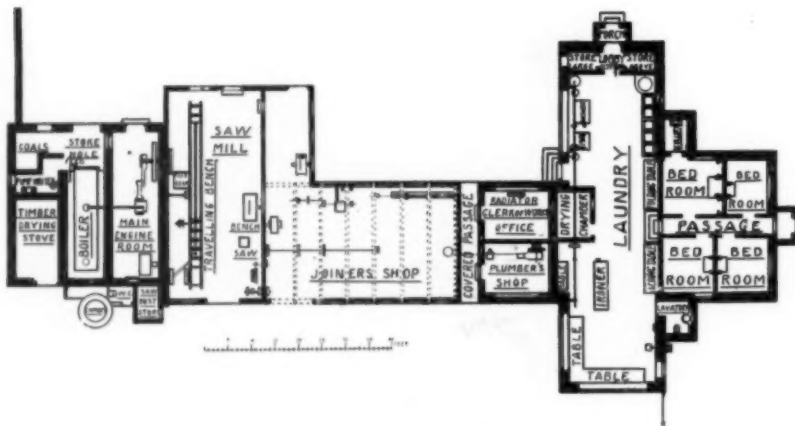


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JOINERS' BENCHES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on to push it through expeditiously. The office of the clerk of works forms part of the joinery and saw-mill and laundry buildings, and is connected to the house by telephone. The water supply at Carberry Tower is hard, and as a certain amount of soft water is required in the power laundry, a large, open cement tank, with gravel filter for rain-water, capable of holding 4,000 gallons, has recently been supplied. Into this tank is led all rainwater from the roof-gutters of the laundry and wood-working buildings. ANDREW LOUDON.



PLAN OF WORKSHOPS AT CARBERRY TOWER.

that so little disposition has been apparent on the part of British farmers to increase their breeding stocks, especially when a potent cause for the higher prices is known to have been the altered conditions of the competition from abroad. Probably this seeming slowness in rising to the occasion may be very naturally accounted for. So many years have passed since the days when the influx of refrigerated meat deprived British

stock-raising of more than half its profit, that farmers have come to look at the lower values as permanent, and regarded any advance which happened as only temporary. The difficulty of a dry summer intervened, and stocks were so woefully reduced that when prices rose last year farmers attributed it entirely to the home shortage, and failed to see that there were other and greater forces at work, such as the falling out of the United States from the ranks of exporting countries and the opening up of new markets on the European Continent for cheap meat from the Antipodes. So they went on allowing the dairy farmers to slaughter their young calves, and sending their lambs to market to be sold at unremunerative prices. The graziers gave long prices for stores ready for finishing, but no sign was visible all last year of any intention on the part of farmers in general to breed and rear more stock. Possibly the very serious interruption which happened to the Irish supplies owing to the restrictions may have assisted in opening the eyes of some of them to the real state of things, for during the whole of this spring there has been a marked change in the character of the business transacted at our fairs and markets where large numbers of stores usually change hands. The great feature of the season has been the unwonted demand for young animals for breeding purposes. Two year olds, yearlings and even heifer calves, showing fairly good character and breeding, have been eagerly purchased, and this may be considered as an indication highly favourable for a much-desired increase in home production. It shows that at last many farmers are gaining confidence in the future, and that is just what is wanted. It would greatly help in the work of replenishing the pastoral farmer's stock in-trade if a stop could be put to the terribly wasteful system of town dairying. It is pitiable to see the thousands of good young dairy cows being sacrificed as they are every week, because they have been used for a few months in the unhealthy dens called "town dairies." As few of them would be found sound on examination, they could not be purchased by farmers. The only remedy seems to be to suppress that system of milk production altogether and let the whole supply be sent direct from the farms.

A. T. M.

THE FOOD OF CHICKENS.

Mr. F. G. Paynter, who is carrying out his demonstration with great success in Cheshire, sends us a very interesting statement in regard to the food with which he brings on his chickens. For the first week the following mixture is used :

Wheat (cracked)	.. .. .	50 per cent.
Millet	.. .. .	15 "
Canary seed	.. .. .	15 "
Best meat	.. .. .	10 "
Maize (cracked)	.. .. .	5 "
Rice	.. .. .	5 "

With this and all other diet goes a plentiful supply of pure water and grit. When the chickens are a week old they are moved to a brooder in the rearing-field, and are thus fed :

First feed—daybreak.—Over-night, three tins (with wire guards to prevent scratching) are put out, containing respectively: (1) Boiled rice; (2) beef scrap; (3) pin-head oatmeal or groats.

Second feed—9 a.m.—A soft food is given, consisting of biscuit meal and 10 per cent. of meat dried off with equal parts of sifted barley meal and scraps. At the same time, any oatmeal not cleared up in tin 3 is put away. A flat box with a tin lid is kept in each run for storing these tins.)

Third feed—1 p.m.—A feed similar to that given at 9 a.m. is given, and tin 2, containing any meat scrap not cleared up, is put away in the box.

Fourth feed—half-an-hour before sunset or 6 p.m. (whichever is the case).—As much dry chick-feed is given in pans as the chicks will eat.

When the chickens are four weeks old the hours of feeding remain the same, but boiled wheat is given instead of rice, and instead of

A SEEMLY BANDSTAND.

BANDSTANDS at seaside places, like shelters and kiosks, have come to be regarded as necessary evils to be suffered for the sake of their usefulness. There is no sort of reason why they should be, almost invariably, of a peculiar ugliness.



AT HUNSTANTON.

They are ordinarily built of cast iron, with slender and ornate columns, and a large amount of the spiky decoration which is dear to the hearts of borough engineers. There is no reason why cast iron should look as unpleasant as it usually does, save that iron-founders continue to use their mid-Victorian patterns or, still worse, those of *L'Art Nouveau*, which took their fancy about fifteen

years ago. The accompanying illustration shows a bandstand conceived in a better way. It is a solid and seemly structure built at Hunstanton from the designs of Mr. Herbert Ibberson. If seaside municipalities were to employ an architect to invent something of this sort instead of leaving the borough engineer to choose a stock pattern from an ironfounder's catalogue, the common architecture of the seashore would cease to be a cause of mocking to people of ordinary taste.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

A VERY high authority in agricultural statistics remarked some months ago in an official report that farmers always based their estimate of the value of store stock on the prevailing price of meat at the time, without regard to future probabilities. The remark was a shrewd one, if not entirely complimentary to the class as comprehensive observers of those wider influences and contingencies which, in the long run, rule market movements. It would be equally true to say that the value of store stock very largely depends on the weather and the abundance or scarcity of grass or winter fodder, quite independent of the price of the finished article. It has been a matter of surprise to many people that in face of the good prices which beef, mutton and pork have been fetching for some time past



dry chick-feed the following is given: 75 per cent. whole wheat and 25 per cent. equal parts cracked maize, millet and hemp.

At five weeks old the 120 chickens are separated into three lots, each with a wire run to itself. From their eighth week until they are ready (that is, the twelfth to sixteenth week) the feed is as follows:

First feed—7 a.m. (or as early as possible):									
Meat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	lb.
Biscuit dust	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	lb.
Pollard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	lb.
5									

This is soaked in 1½ gallons of boiling water and dried off with—  
Barley meal .. .. . 3lb.  
Best fine sharps .. .. . 6lb.  
Second feed—1 p.m.—The same again.  
Third feed—6 p.m., or half-an-hour before sunset (whichever is earlier):  
Whole wheat .. .. . 85 per cent.  
Cracked maize .. .. . 15 "

or, as an alternative which sometimes works better, a whole feed of the soft food mixture is fed at 7 a.m.; a half-feed of the corn mixture at 11; another half-feed of the soft food at 1.30; and as much of the corn mixture as the birds will eat at 6 p.m.

At the end they weigh about 3½lb. each, and command a ready market at prices varying from 3s. 9d. each in April to 2s. 6d. each in September.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

CHAMPION LADIES AT GOLF.

THE conditions in which the Ladies' Championship was played last week were a great deal more kindly than when Miss Ravenscroft won in 1912, in just about as blustery samples of weather as an ungallant Clerk of the Weather could possibly serve out to the players. For all that, there are few more interesting golfing spectacles, in my humble opinion, than to see a good woman struggling with adversity when it comes in this guise. Ready, the skill of some of the ladies, and of all the best of them (speaking of golfing comparisons merely), in dodging the wind and in making use of the wind, is quite wonderful. I think they are better at it than men in the same first class of amateurs. If you are playing against a good woman golfer on a windy day you will be quite astonished to see how nearly she is up alongside of you with the tee-shots against the wind, when both hit your best. Nearly a year ago, in COUNTRY LIFE, we had pictures, reproduced from photographs, of Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Cecil Leitch driving against the wind. Their methods were curiously different, although both are very effective in this particular shot. There is no doubt that the athletic strength of both these young ladies must be of special worth to them when the elements are raging as they did on that sea-girt Turnberry last year. In the relatively gentle circumstances of this year's championship, though it began to blow pretty hard about the third day, physical strength would not count for so much. But even others of the ladies, not endowed with the muscles of these two, are able to astonish you, and do not flatter you, by the length of their against-wind driving. What they do not seem able to accomplish, unless they have more than the usual feminine biceps, is the long drive down wind and the long second shot with the brassie.

Brassie play, that is to say, second shots through the green with wooden clubs, has almost gone out of the game altogether,

as it is played by men. These modern balls go so far off the iron that there is very seldom need for the first-class male driver to use wood for a second shot; but it is otherwise with the ladies. On the stretched course that they were given at St. Anne's for the later rounds of the championship they had plenty of brassie work, and the really long brassie shots are only to be played by those who have a useful strength of hand. It is the wrist and hand muscles that really count in this stroke—not nearly so much the biceps. It seems that unless a golfer, whether man or woman, be gifted with good strength, and with ability to use it, in hand and wrist it is not possible for him or her to hit the ball with that "clip" which is necessary for the application of the under-spin without which the ball cannot possibly be lifted for a good and long second shot, with a wooden club, through the green. Off the tee you may evade that difficulty, in large measure, by putting the ball up on a high tee. That is an elevation which I have always advocated in driving down-wind for all who are not very strong in the hand-grip, but it is curious how many good people there are (and ladies appear particularly tender in their conscience on the point) who seem to regard the use of a high tee as an act slightly immoral, or, at best, not quite sporting. It is not "the thing to do," and I am convinced that they handicap themselves greatly in this matter of the down-wind drive by their excessive "scrupulosity" in regard to the use of the high tee. It is the more essential for them than for the mere man to rid themselves of this too fine-spun delicacy, even as they are, generally speaking, less strong in the hand muscles.

It is especially on this account that their golf is so interesting and so satisfactory to watch. What they lack in power they are obliged to make up in swing and in accuracy of timing; and the lissomness of their action adds a great attraction to the spectacle of the best feminine golf. Easily the finest player of the day was the first lady champion, Lady Margaret Scott as



MISS DODD BUNKERED BEFORE THE SIXTEENTH GREEN.



she was then. She was in a class by herself at that time, and I doubt whether present lady champions are better than she then was. She was champion thrice in succession, in the days of the gutta-percha ball, and it is to be remembered that the rubber-cored ball has been even more of a help to the woman golfer than to the men, for the very reason that the "gutter" needed more of the "clip" just spoken of to give it the under-spin, in order to get it to rise from the ground in the second shot. It was distinctly a harder ball to get into the air without slice. But Lady Margaret Scott could do it, and was one of the very few golfers of her sex who ever have done it with that reluctant "gutter" ball. I am not saying that Miss Dodd nor any of our present champion ladies would not do it also, but the point I want to make is that the feminine anatomy has to accomplish by length of swing, and by means which are essentially graceful, effects which we men strive (and sometimes succeed) to accomplish by means which are rather those of force than of grace. If you will look at the portraits in the old Badminton Golf Book, you will see what a very long swing Lady Margaret Scott used. More and more, as it seems, the modern male golfer is growing into the habit of dealing the ball a strong, masterful punch. It is a method eminently effective: it is curious, perhaps, that it should be so effective with the livelier ball, whereas the smoother swing proved itself the better way with the stubborn globe of "gutter." But we take the facts as we find them, and one of the facts is that the ladies are still, and perforce (because they have not the strength of the men), showing us golf played with the kind of swing which used to be associated with the St. Andrews school of the game. The age of ladies is a subject on which it behoves a male scribe to write with very reverent pen, but happily, in writing of those who survived until the end of this last championship of the ladies, it is youth, rather than age, that is in the debate. Both finalists, I believe, are fortunate enough to be only twenty-one; and with that youth naturally goes a suppleness of limb and lissomeness of action that are delightful to see, and that certainly do not imply, in the case of either of these damsels, a lack of control over the club at any point of the swing. Among the men we find the championships, both open and amateur, held in the hands of veteran players. It is not so with our ladies' championship. My own conviction is that some of these gallant veterans owe more of their latter-day success than they realise to the indiarubber-cored ball; if it were a lump of "gutter" that they had to beat round, I think the younger men would have overtaken them before this. But the lady golfer with the indiarubber-cored ball is faced with very much the same problems as the man golfer with the "gutter." I think this championship of the ladies will remain with the young and the lissom, just because the lissomeness is essential to the swing by which alone they are able to persuade the ball to go such lengths as they do, and because when youth departs—in this our island climate, at all events—much of the essential lissomeness goes in its company.

H. G. H.

#### HARD CASE UNDER THE RULES.

THERE is one distinctly hard case which is brought to notice by the answer to queries addressed to the Rules of Golf Committee during May, and that is the case of an unfortunate man who drove, as he thought, out of bounds in a competition, found his ball lying on the fair green on the proper side of the out-of-bounds wall, and assumed, as was natural, seeing that there were trees in the out-of-bounds area, that the ball had hit a bough of one of these and had ricocheted back on the course. It is a thing that has happened often enough at Muirfield and many other places. It was only after playing out the round

with this ball that he was told by a friend who was playing in the couple ahead of him that he—the friend—had been in the wood, looking for a ball of his own, had seen this other ball come in and, with most kindly intent to save trouble, had thrown it out on the course. It seems not to have occurred to him that the player might not suspect that a human agency had sent it thither. Obviously, there was no doubt or option about the decision under the rules. The man had not played the proper course with the proper ball. He was disqualified without a question. But his is surely a case for commiseration, and we may imagine him praying with fervour to be delivered from further ministrations of a kindly intentioned friend. It is really the friend who should take home the lesson to his bosom as a warning against well-meant meddling with other folks' business in the time to come. "Hang it all," we may think we hear him exclaim, "if ever I do a kind action again!"

#### AN ANSWER THAT HAS BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD.

Then there is a query coming from Germany, from the Berlin Golf Club, the answer to which has already given rise to a misunderstanding. It is a misunderstanding only possible to those who lack care or intelligence in the reading of the answer—but such people abound. "In a stroke competition," the question runs, "a competitor missed an approach shot, dropped another ball and played it towards the green. He holed out with the original ball. The Committee disqualified him. (1) Was the decision correct, either under Stroke Rule 4 (2) or any other Rule? (2) What, if any, is the limitation upon the playing of practice shots other than 'before starting' in stroke competitions?" The answer given is: "(1) By the custom of the game the competitor should be disqualified. (2) After teeing his ball for the first stroke in a stroke competition, a competitor may not play a practice stroke at any tee or during the play of any hole." Commenting on this answer, a golfer exclaimed, "What! Am I disqualified for trying a putt over again, or for knocking a ball about on the tee while I am kept waiting?" He appealed to read that intention in the answer. But obviously it is a misreading. He may not play "a practice stroke at any tee," that is to say, may not have a trial tee shot; but as for knocking the ball with his club, either on the tee, beside it, or when indulging in the reprehensible habit of trying his putt over again, the words carefully inserted "during the play of any hole" ought to show him sufficiently that these comparatively trivial indiscretions are not visited with the fearful penalty of disqualification.

H. G. H.

#### RAY AND DUNCAN.

Seldom has a more dramatic and exciting struggle been seen than that between Ray and Duncan; never, taking one consideration with another, was there a more appropriate ending than a halved match. The play at Walton Heath was very interesting, and it is always good to see two great players battling with the difficulties of that great course; still, it left one comparatively calm. So did the first round at Sunningdale, although it was full of incident; but the last round must have made the most cynical and apathetic dance with excitement. It was, from beginning to end, a long series of crises and, which is always thrilling, of let-offs. Those who were not there to see may ask incredulously how two men can go round Sunningdale in a high wind in such scores as 74 and 75 and yet let each other off continually. It can only be answered that both Ray and Duncan played much magnificent golf, but that when it came to the point of hammering the decisive nail into the other man's coffin, then each man did fail, and that not once, but several times.

#### MISTAKES AND RECOVERIES.

Where Duncan failed was in the putts of four and five feet. He is generally very good at the short ones—much better, I think, than at the long putts—but in this match his lightning methods were not convincing near the hole; he was inclined to move his body and push the ball out to the right. Ray, on the other hand, putted admirably; he strikes me just now as having the best and easiest and most natural method of putting of all the big men. His weakness consisted rather of general unsteadiness. He drove an enormous length from the tee; he is probably driving further than ever before, and he was, as a rule, further in front of Duncan than one could have deemed possible, but at a time of year when heather is at its thickest he was too often off the course, and, however wonderful a niblick player a man may be, this must find him out in the end. Nothing could have been more scintillating than much of the golf played by both parties, but comparing the play with that of the elder generation, the "triumvirate" at their very best, it struck me that there were more mistakes. They were often followed by astonishing recoveries, but the mistakes were there. No more enthralling match has been seen for a long while.

B. D.

## POLO NOTES.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICAN TEAMS.

THE American team selected for the first Test Match, which will have been played before these lines see the light, is made up as follows: Mr. L. E. Stoddard, No. 1; Mr. Devereux Milburn, No. 2; Mr. Foxhall Keene, No. 3; and Mr. Malcolm Stevenson, back. It will be noted that the old Meadowbrook four are, as the result of a trial game, set on one side for the occasion. I expect that before the possession of the Cup is decided, we shall see the old four in the field again. The above team show that the American captain has determined to fix his hopes on the audacity and weight of his attack. He evidently thinks that his greatest strength is necessary to break down the defence, which, so far as recent trials have gone, is the strong point of the English team. The American team is so arranged that two resolute and hard-hitting players may break down the first resistance and open the way to the goal-posts for the other two, one of whom is the most brilliant individual striker in modern polo. It is the opinion of those who have seen the English team at

practice that they are least strong in attack, and that Captain Cheape, with all his brilliance of stroke, is an uncertain goal-hitter. Where the American team seems to fail is in combination, and it is quite possible that if the Americans expend their force in vain against the resistance of the English backs, or, to put it in another way, if their first attacks are not successful, they may falter and for a time, as it were, break up, as the Meadowbrook team (1902) did on the Hurlingham ground. It is clear that the Americans think they can beat us in pace and goal-hitting. It is, I think, equally clear that the English team will be superior in the closeness of their combination and the handiness of their ponies. The latter quality in ponies is one of the factors of the staying power of the team, and it is evident that the Americans hope to snatch an advantage by scoring goals from the beginning and before their speedy but hot-headed Californian mounts get out of hand. The American players are strong, if rough, horsemen, and take the last ounce out of their ponies, while English players for the most part generally manage to keep a gallop in reserve for the close.

Moreover, English ponies are soon ready to come out again, whereas in the Test Matches of 1909 readers may recollect that it was freely stated that the Americans would have been hard put to it to mount themselves had a third Test Match been necessary.

#### THE AMERICAN PONIES.

These are said, by a friend writing from America, to be faster than the ponies sent over from England. I do not know whether this means fitter, or that they are actually able to beat our ponies for speed in a gallop down the ground. Probably the former, but I gather that our English ponies are the better schooled. Nor is that some of our ponies; indeed, the majority of them have the inestimable advantage of the training of the polo ground, the experience of first-class polo, which nothing can make up for. A well-trained pony saves the player and helps a man to stay to the end, and I expect that the English team will just outstay their opponents. Captain Lockett has, however, not been well, but I think all judges of polo have confidence in Lord Wodehouse, of whom we have never seen the best as yet.

#### OUR CHANCES AGAINST THE AMERICAN TEAM.

It came as a surprise to us to learn that, after all, the English team found themselves face to face with the original winners of the Cup. We must sympathise with Messrs. Stoddard, Stevenson and Foxhall Keene for losing the chance of representing their country at polo on that great occasion. I think, too, that the change has lessened our prospects. The "great four" under their original leader will be what Mr. Foxhall Keene's four could never have been—a combined team—and in this respect and I am afraid in goal-hitting they will have an advantage over the English four. Our great hope was that, favoured by better trained and more experienced ponies, and probably better horsemanship, the English team might outride and outstay their opponents. It has been said that the English players have never quite risen to their best form, but a long experience of regimental polo has given me a great confidence in the likelihood of a well trained cavalry player rising to the occasion, and of a soldier team refusing to the very last stroke to consider themselves beaten. And although the English team was beaten on June 10, it is not only probable, but likely, they may win the other two games; and though it is useless to disguise the fact that the change has not improved our chances, yet on the whole it seems likely that the Duke of Westminster's team may bring back the Cup.

#### PONIES AT RANELAGH.

Writing of ponies brings me to the show at Ranelagh last Saturday, probably the best ever seen in point of quality, even at Ranelagh. It was a triumph for English polo pony breeding, and a notable success for the careful system of school training on which the Messrs. Balding lay the foundation for the education of the polo pony. Of the winners, four at least had been through Mr. Balding's hands. The winner in the Polo-bred Class, Rice Pudding, is a very highly accomplished school pony. She has refined into a pony of great quality, and there is probably no better polo-bred pony playing at the present day. Re-echo, another polo-bred one and champion at Islington, could under these judges—Sir Charles Lowther, Colonel H. B. de Lisle and Captain Barrett—only obtain second place. Mr. Balding's Biddy, a beautiful chestnut mare, with great length of rein, a fine forehead and the Balding manners, was third. But the best pony seen on that day was the Islington winner, Mynora, belonging to Mr. W. S. Buckmaster. She has the polo temperament in perfection, and should be an invaluable brood mare some day. In the meantime

she is a first-rate polo pony. Mynora has size, substance and quality, and won from a very well known pony, Lord Dalmeny's Chanticleer. Lord Ashby St. Ledgers' Minnie is a chestnut with beautiful manners, but did not look up to so much weight as the others. Count J. de Madre's well-known Warwick received a card. He is a very fine stamp of pony, and, of course, well-known as a good pony in the game. In light-weight ponies Mr. Alfred Grisar's Sunbeam, a bay of good quality, and very quick and handy, was first; the Duke of Penaranda's Quicksilver, another bay, second; and Mr. L. Tate's Prince reserve. Two things struck me as I watched the judging: first, that all these ponies are as good at the game as they are to look at; and, secondly, the great pains taken by the judges in forming their opinions. In the Heavy-weight Class they measured the bone of each pony submitted to them. Each pony was shown by its owner for handiness, and then tried for speed by the judges. Lastly, the ponies were stripped. This ought never to be omitted, although it often is. I think judges will agree with me that when the saddles are taken off, a judge often changes or modifies his opinion, and the pony its position in the prize-list.

#### THE NEW CONDITIONS FOR THE HURLINGHAM POLO SUB-COMMITTEE.

The reply of the Hurlingham Club to the request that they would constitute their own Sub-committee for polo into an independent and effective governing body is most disappointing. Hurlingham's warmest supporters must be chilled by its substance and its tone. Only one firm resolution appears on the face to keep the Sub-committee in its place. During the recent discussion on the future of polo the worst possible person to apply to has been a member of the Sub-committee for Polo of the Hurlingham Club. They were never summoned; they were not consulted, and the General Committee (with the assistance of three polo players, not one of whom had ever taken a part in the government of polo, and two who had never been first-rate players) has conducted the business hitherto. The reply is a refusal of the request to emancipate the Sub-committee. Some changes there are to be, but, so far as I can understand the answer, it amounts to this

—that the Sub-committee may, if it pleases, play at making rules, which may be rejected or revised by the *general meeting* of the club by a two-thirds majority. What, however, is quite clear is that Hurlingham has renounced all disciplinary powers or government over polo and polo players. The club has itself declined once for all to be a governing body, and has clearly left the way open for others. Only a clear, firm acceptance of the position and the constitution of a strong, independent governing body out of the excellent material of the Sub-committee would have retained or restored for Hurlingham the great position in polo which may now possibly pass from them.

X.

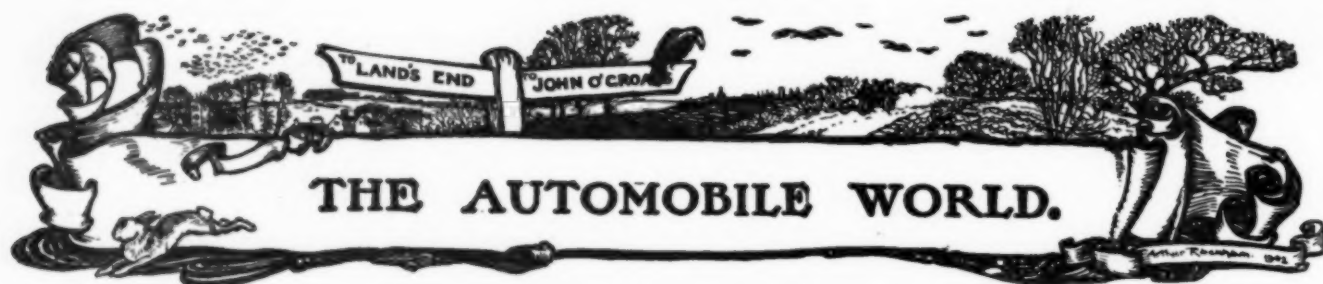
#### "COUNTRY LIFE" TOURNAMENT, 1912.

SIR,—This is a photograph of the team which won the COUNTRY LIFE Tournament for the Salts so kindly presented by you, open to the United Provinces, Burma and Assam, which my regiment won. The first rounds were played at Meerut in November, 1912, and the final at Allahabad in January, 1913. I can only tell you of the rounds we won, and then I do not remember the actual number of goals. As far as I know, teams entered from Lucknow, Meerut, Allahabad and Bareilly. Meerut Gymkhana beat 3rd Horse "B" team; Meerut Gymkhana beat Inniskilling Dragoons; 3rd Horse "A" beat 13th Hussars; 3rd Horse "A" beat Meerut Gymkhana; Lucknow Gymkhana beat 8th Hussars; 12th Cavalry beat Lucknow Gymkhana; 3rd Horse "A" beat 12th Cavalry.—R. W. MANDERSON, Captain, 3rd Skinner's Horse (Indian Cavalry).



THIRD SKINNER'S HORSE, WINNERS OF THE "COUNTRY LIFE" TOURNAMENT, 1912.  
 Lieut. J. M. Lortimer. Captain R. W. Manderson.  
 Lieut. G. C. G. Gray. Captain G. T. Van der Gucht.





## RANDOM COMMENT.

THE virtual prohibition by the Home Office of the two most important flying competitions of the year has been received with feelings of amazement. In the case of the Circuit of London Race the prohibition will merely result in depriving some hundreds of thousands of people of an interesting spectacle which would have had considerable educative value. On the other hand, the industry itself is bound to be seriously affected by the action of the Home Office in regard to the race round Great Britain for the *Daily Mail* prize of £5,000. If the regulations forbidding flying over certain areas are to be strictly enforced, it would appear that the hydro-aeroplane will be banned from practically all the most suitable sheltered waters round the coast. Plymouth Sound, Southampton Water, Dover and the Thames all come within the term of the prohibition, and it is difficult to see where else the builder and civilian aviator are to find a convenient site for experiment and practice.

At Southampton, Cowes and Hamble the nucleus of a promising industry has already been formed, and there is at least a chance that the amateur who has shown little liking for flying over the land may take to the hydro-aeroplane. It is even possible that a new sport might come into existence which would have an important influence on the development of the naval type of aircraft. The present attitude of the authorities would seem to entail, as a matter of course, the extinction of the local industry and the disappearance of all save Service machines from the entire area of water bounded on the south by the Isle of Wight. If this ban is really called for in the interests of national defence, no reasonable person will blame the Home Office; but at present there

is a strong feeling in flying circles that the Act is being enforced with quite unnecessary stringency. At any rate, it is difficult to believe that British-born aviators competing in a race for an enormous prize would be likely to linger on their way in order to pry into the secrets of our dockyards and their surrounding forts.

That the appearance of a car is improved by a reasonable amount of polished brass or nickel-plated fittings is hardly open to question. On the other hand, it is easy to overburden a car with plating, and some makers are conspicuous offenders in this respect. The point is of real importance to the owner who is dependent on an odd man or garden boy for the cleaning of his car, and he should remember when making a purchase that the splendour which may be so attractive in the showroom can only be maintained by constant labour in the motor-house. It is forgetfulness of this fact which is responsible for the large number of cars one sees on the road with tarnished lamps and fittings and wearing a general appearance of neglect. I am inclined to think that the makers might take a leaf out of the book of the cycle firms, and turn out an "all-weather" model, totally devoid of polished metal-work.

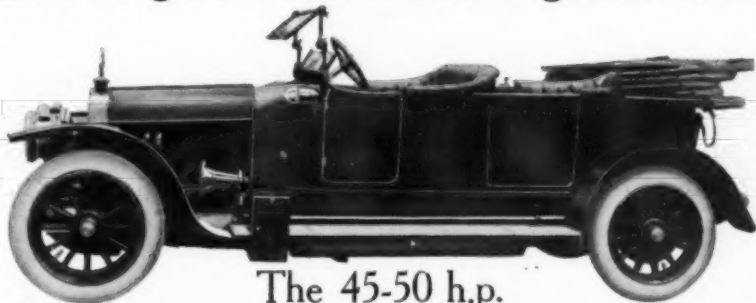
How smart and workmanlike a car can look without any plating at all was impressed upon me during a recent tour. In a town in which I stopped several nights, I came across two American cars which were being used by a family party who were doing the sights of the "old country." Both cars were of the open type, and compared well in every respect with any I saw on my tour, but the unusual feature about them was an entire absence of any metal-work that required polishing. Even the hub caps, door-handles and hood fittings were finished in black plating, with the result that the



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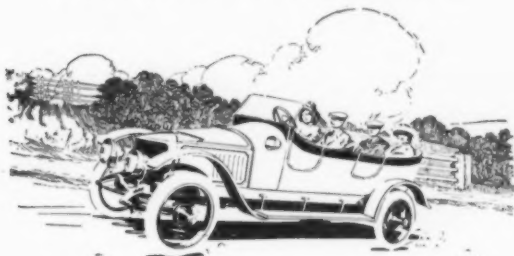
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one man who was in charge of the two cars was able to turn them out each morning in a spick-and-span condition and in good order, whatever the weather had been during the previous day's run. On tour a car of the "all-weather" type, in the cycle-maker's sense of the term, would be a great boon; and there must be thousands of owners who would find the absence of bright plating equally convenient in ordinary use, once they had accustomed themselves to the somewhat sombre effect which the



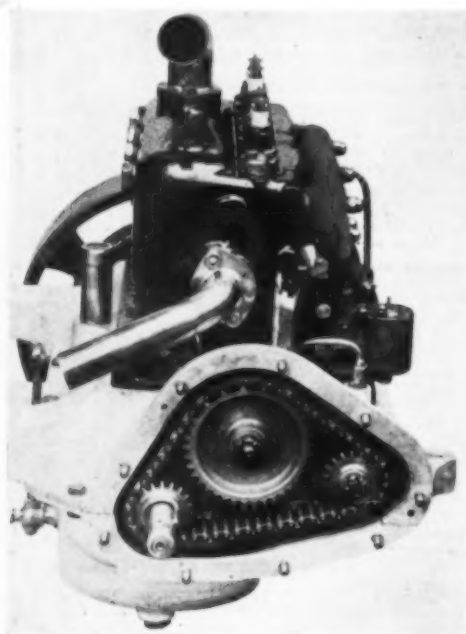
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CELERY.

#### CARS ON THE ROAD: THE NEW LIGHT STANDARD.

THE present season has been remarkable for the placing on the market of a number of small cars at a price which enables them to compete on fairly even terms with the cheap American machines which have enjoyed so large a vogue in this country during the past two or three years. In the best of these newcomers no attempt has been made to reduce

manufacturing costs by radical departures from standard design, and it will be found that in all their essential features they are merely replicas in miniature of the ordinary car one meets on the road. They differ, therefore, widely from the much-advertised cycle-cars, many of which are of a purely experimental type, and on that account are totally unsuited to the novice of limited means, who can ill afford to invest



FRONT VIEW OF ENGINE WITH TIMING GEAR COVER REMOVED.

in a machine which may prove an expensive failure. That there are a few cycle-cars which have fairly proved their worth cannot be gainsaid; but we hold strongly to the view that, at the present stage, the more satisfactory vehicle of the two, from the point of view of the average user, is the light car.

A notable example of the latter type is the smart-looking little vehicle which the Standard Motor Company have recently produced. Here we have a really comfortable runabout, seating two full-grown persons, with an emergency seat for a third at the rear, and provided with sufficient power to maintain, if required, an average speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour on ordinary

hill-climbing capacity of the second of the three gears appeared to be exceptionally good for the power.

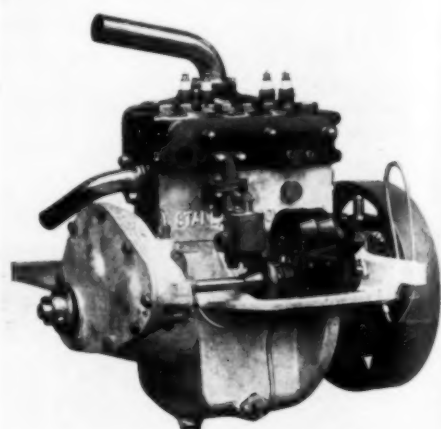
Both engine and transmission are above the average in the matter of silence, and the former, when throttled down

with the car at rest, is hardly more noisy than a big sewing-machine. The single-plate clutch is very smooth in action, and the steering and brakes are all that could be desired from the point of view of a driver. A feature which surprised us was the very wide lock of the steering wheels, which enables the car to be turned in

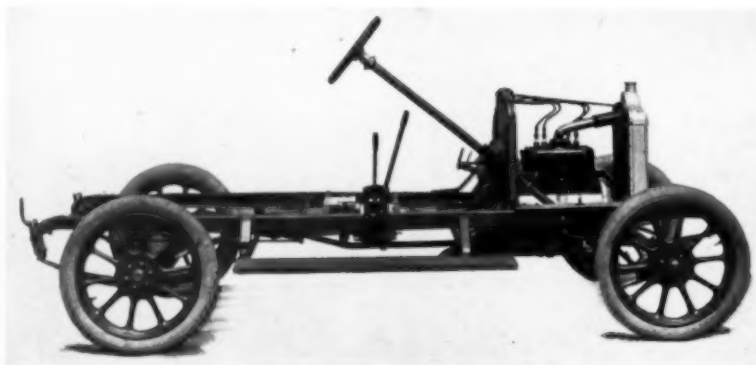
a space which we should estimate to be even smaller than that required by a taxicab. This is a very convenient feature in a car which is much used in the country. The change-speed gear is easy to operate, but the lever and the "gate" in which it works might with advantage be carried on the outside of the frame. In their present position they are inconveniently close to the driver's legs, and with a lady at the wheel would be apt to get entangled in her skirts. If this small defect were remedied, we should regard the light Standard as an ideal small car for a lady, and we have little doubt that an alteration in the position of the levers and quadrants could easily be effected.

As will be seen from the accompanying illustration, the light Standard has a distinctly up-to-date appearance, with its sloping bonnet, scuttle dash, high side doors and smart body. The four-cylinder engine, whose bore and stroke are 62m.m. and 90m.m.

respectively, is a compact monobloc casting with the valves arranged on the near side. The cam-shaft and magneto are driven by a silent chain, and the valve gear is enclosed by cover plates. Thermo-siphon cooling is employed, and the lubrication is automatic, the oil being circulated by a pump driven off the cam-shaft and returned to a large sump in the base chamber, which is provided with an oil-level tap. A simple tail-on



ENGINE WITH MAGNETO AND CARBURETTOR.



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the dashboard shows that the oil pump is working properly. The carburettor is a Zenith, and the ignition is by high-tension magneto, with advance and retard lever on the steering column.

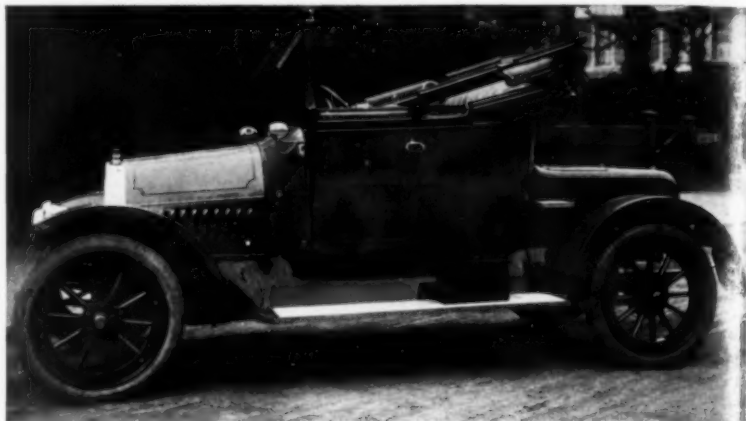
From the engine the power is transmitted through a single disc clutch and universally-jointed shaft to a neat little gear-box, giving three forward speeds and reverse, operated by a single lever working in a gate. The universal joint at each end of the short length of shafting between the clutch and gear-box is of a simple and ingenious design. In place of the usual complicated mechanism, which is costly to construct, requires constant lubrication and is expensive to renew or repair, two stout leather discs are employed, which in addition to performing every function of a universal joint appear to give something in the nature of a spring drive. There seems to be no reason why these leather discs should not stand up to the work indefinitely, but in any case they can be renewed in a very short time at the cost of a few pence, and require no attention in the way of lubrication. A similar system has been employed by other makers for driving the magneto, but we have not hitherto seen the idea adopted for the main transmission of a car.

The drive to the back axle is through a worm gear of the overhead type, which is fitted throughout with ball bearings. At the rear of the gear-box is the foot brake, whose shoes are provided with renewable Ferodo liners. The rear brakes are of the internal expanding type, and also equipped with renewable shoes. A very stout H section stamping is used for the front axle, and ball bearings are employed in the hubs and steering swivels. Careful attention has been paid to the question of lubrication, and all moving parts are well provided with oil and grease cups. A minor detail of interest is the novel method adopted for supporting the running boards so as to relieve the side members of the frame from excessive strain. Detachable steel wheels with tires 700m.m. by 80m.m. are fitted, the latter dimension being, in our opinion, somewhat small for any car if the best results in the way of tire economy are to be secured. It is not easy, however, to criticise what appears to be a really sound little vehicle, and the price (£185) at which it is sold complete with hood, screen, spare wheel and tire, five lamps, tools and spares

makes it well worth the serious attention of anyone in search of a serviceable runabout.

#### THE ISLE OF MAN RACES.

THE most keenly contested struggle in the history of the motor-cycling Tourist Trophy Races was witnessed in the Isle of Man last week, when, for the second year in succession, a machine of the two-stroke type triumphed over a host of rivals of orthodox design. The competitors were divided into Senior and Junior divisions, and on the Wednesday both classes took part in the eliminating trials to qualify for the final rounds on Friday last. The course



A 14-20 H.P. N.A.G. COUPE.

was a circuit of 37½ miles, which had to be covered four times. In the Senior division, Wood, on a 3½ h.p. Scott, had finished first in the eliminating trials and, with forty-five other competitors, had qualified for the final. Mason, on an N.U.T., with thirty-one others, had qualified in the Junior division. The race was decided by the aggregate times taken in covering the distance run on the two days, the Seniors having made three rounds on the Wednesday and the Juniors two. The positions of the leading competitors underwent many changes, and great excitement prevailed at the

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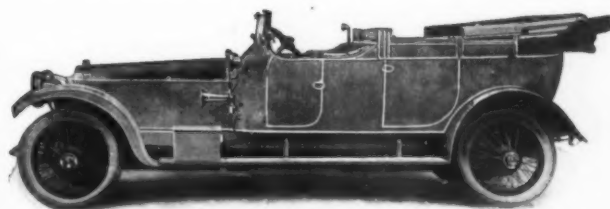
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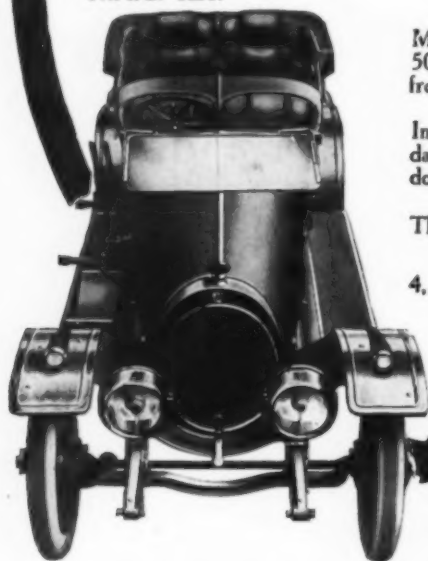
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finishing-point while the final round was being completed. Abbott, on a Rudge, was the first man home in the Senior division, but Wood was not far behind and had roosec. in which to complete the distance and win the cup. In the end the rider of the two-stroke machine passed the winning-post with 5sec. to spare, and thus secured the first place, with the Rudge an excellent second. Alexander and Franklin, riding Indians, were third and fourth respectively.



### THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL-CLIMB.

A 15 h.p. Talbot winning the President's cup in the open event.

and Cocker, on a Singer, fifth. The order of finishing in the Junior division was: Mason (N.U.T.), Newsome (Douglas), Newman (Ivy-Precision), less than a minute dividing the first and second. A very sporting meeting was marred by a fatal accident, Bateman, who was riding a Rudge, running off the course in the second round and sustaining injuries from which he subsequently died.

### THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL-CLIMB.

One of the most important motoring events of the year is the annual hill-climb held by the Midland Automobile Club in the grounds of the Court House, Shelsley Walsh, by permission of Mr. T. L. Walker, the owner. Thanks to the steepness of the hill and the fact that the competition is held on private property, the biggest cars can compete, and the spectacle is always one of considerable interest. On Saturday last the honours of the meeting were shared among the Vauxhalls and Talbots, and existing records for the hill were beaten over and over again. The fastest time for the day was made by a 30—98 h.p. Vauxhall, which made the ascent in 55.2sec., or over 8sec. faster than the previous best time in the history of the competition. The prize for the best performance on formula in the open class was won by a 15 h.p. Talbot, a 25 h.p. Talbot carrying off the cup for the fastest time in this event. The Vauxhall record was accomplished in the closed competition, restricted to members of the club, in which event a 20 h.p. car of the same make carried off the prize for the best performance on formula. A team race was won by the Yorkshire Automobile Club, and the meeting concluded with a cycle-car contest, in which a Morgan made the fastest time and a Calthorpe proved the winner on formula. Inasmuch as the fastest ascent of the day was made at a speed of about forty-two miles an hour, it would appear that the limit of safety for the hill has nearly been reached.





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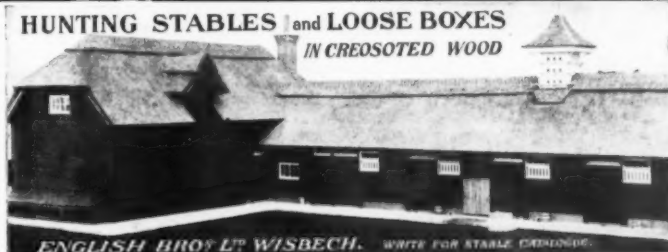
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## THE ENGLISH VIII. CLUB MEETING.

THE fascination of shooting with the most perfect rifles and ammunition that skill can produce took a number of the best-known rifle experts to Bisley for the three days' prize meeting of the English VIII. Club which began on Derby Day. The 1913 meeting proved to be one of unusual interest, for, as had been expected, the competitions resolved themselves in every case into duels between the British and the Canadian made .280 rifles. The chief object of these competitions, and those held under match rifle conditions during the Bisley Meeting, is to find out the barrel and ammunition most suitable for present-day military requirements, and it is significant that the match rifle experts are now almost unanimous in using the Ross .280 cartridge giving a muzzle velocity of about 2,760 foot-seconds.

Mr. E. H. Robinson was adjudged the winner of the Club Prizes Competition on the counting-out system, with the fine score of 148, Mr. F. W. Jones and Mr. F. H. Kelly also returning the same total, made up as follows:

	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	1,100 yds.
Mr. E. H. Robinson .. ..	50	49	49
Mr. F. W. Jones .. ..	50	49	49
Mr. F. H. Kelly .. ..	50	50	48

It may be remarked that the winning score in this competition last year was less by five points than that returned by Messrs. Robinson, Jones and Kelly, and, without wishing to detract from the undoubted merit of such fine scores, it must be conceded that the perfect weather conditions had some influence.

The principal winners in the competitions were as follows:

## CLUB PRIZES COMPETITION (ten shots at 900yds., 1,000yds. and 1,100yds.).

	Rifle.
1. Mr. E. H. Robinson .. ..	148 .. B.S.A. .280
2. Mr. F. W. Jones .. ..	148 .. B.S.A. .280
3. Mr. F. H. Kelly .. ..	148 .. Ross .280
4. Mr. Maurice Blood .. ..	144 .. Ross .280
5. Major S. A. Pixley, V.D. ..	142 .. B.S.A. .280

## THE MARTIN SMITH PRIZE (fifteen shots at 1,000yds. and 1,100yds.).

	Rifle.
1. Mr. Maurice Blood .. ..	146 .. Ross .280
2. Mr. F. W. Jones .. ..	146 .. B.S.A. .280
3. Major S. A. Pixley, V.D. ..	144 .. B.S.A. .280
4. Mr. E. H. Robinson .. ..	143 .. B.S.A. .280

## THE CLUB JEWELS (fifteen shots at 900yds., 1,000yds. and 1,100yds. on Thursday, and the same again on Friday).

	First day.	Second day.	Rifle.
1. Mr. F. W. Jones .. ..	218	218	B.S.A. .280
2. Mr. F. H. Kelly .. ..	210	216	Ross .280
3. Colonel J. D. Hopton .. ..	214	208	Ross .280

Mr. F. W. Jones also takes the Club Cup for the highest score made on the second day.

## THE 1,200YDS. SWEEPSTAKE (fifteen shots at 1,200yds.).

	Rifle.
1. Mr. F. W. Jones .. ..	73 .. B.S.A. .280
2. Mr. F. H. Kelly .. ..	70 .. Ross .280
3. Major S. A. Pixley, V.D. ..	65 .. B.S.A. .280

In only dropping two points at 1,200yds. Mr. F. W. Jones has a score to his credit which equals the record for that range. It is also interesting to remark that the aggregate scores made in all the competitions of the meeting amount to 825, which is the same as the Hopton aggregate in match rifle-shooting at the Bisley Meeting. The record for the "Hopton" is 793, which was made by Corporal Mortimer of Canada last year. Mr. Jones' aggregate at the English VIII. Meeting is 803, a very remarkable performance, and incidentally a triumph for the B. S. A. rifle.

## PARTRIDGE NESTS HARD TO FIND.

Conditions in the South and in the partridge countries are very different indeed from in the North. As has been noticed, while grouse first began to brood on some Scotch moors, the May-fly was already appearing in England, a coincidence which is altogether abnormal. What partridge keepers seem to be complaining of more than anything else is an inability to find the nests. The hedge growth has been high and lush, and hides them. But we have always thought that there are two points of view from which this fine shelter for the nests may be looked at. The keeper regards

his own first, and is vexed if he cannot find as many nests as he would like to see marked down on his map; but this very same covert which is defeating him is also defeating his enemies and the birds' enemies, such as foxes, rooks, and so on, to say nothing of the human poacher. It is by no means altogether an unmixed ill that the partridges' nests should be hard to find and that the keeper should be obliged to leave the birds to their own devices.

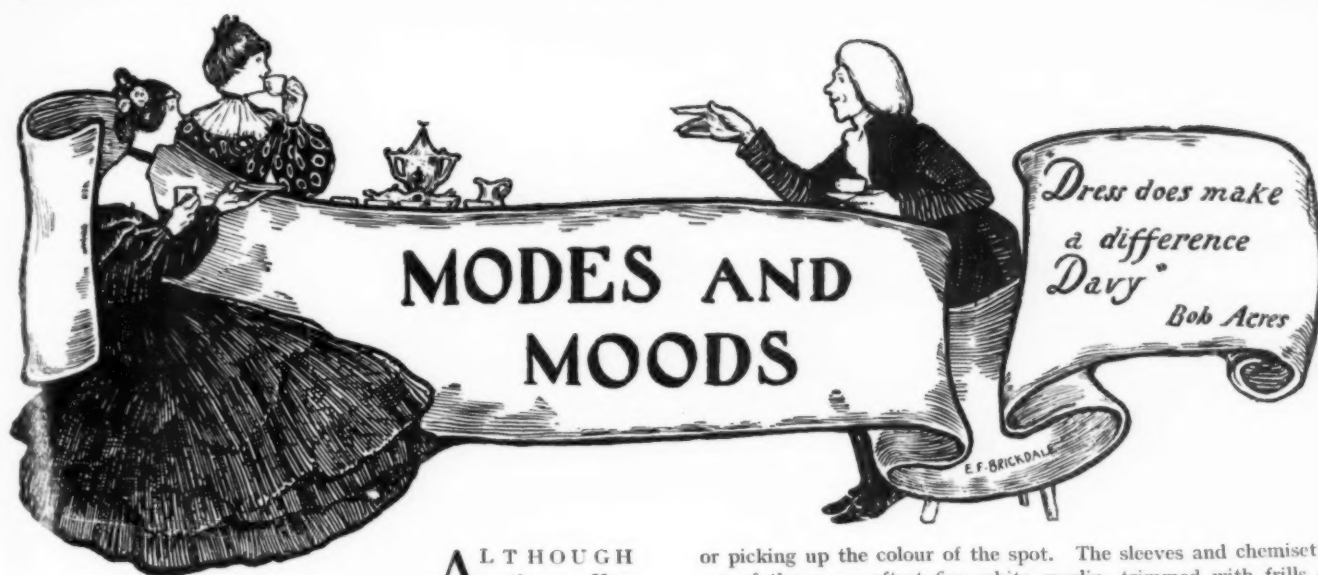
## EARLY-HATCHING PARTRIDGES.

It would be very curious if it were to prove that a change was in process in the normal date for the hatch out of our partridges, yet there is some evidence to make us think that such a change is actually being made. Some ten or fifteen years ago the date that the best qualified authorities would name you as that on which the greatest number of the "little brown birds" hatched out in the great shooting counties of Norfolk and Suffolk would be June 20th. To-day, if you put the same question to them, they would probably give you June 17th. The difference is appreciable, and it seems that the birds have been gradually working back from the later to the earlier date. If you get birds hatched before the usual time in one year, it is likely, other things being equal, that they will themselves be parents of a brood that will hatch early in the following year. That is the rule with domestic poultry, and it is chiefly on that account that the early-hatched pullets are of so much value—because they are probable layers of early eggs which come on the market when eggs command the price of rare commodities. In a Midland, and inland, county, where probably the birds are a day or so more forward than in East Anglia, we heard of a brood hatched out this year on May 30th, and last year some were even earlier than this. Of course, these are exceptional instances, but they give a sign of a tendency to hatch earlier than in former years, and there seems to be no doubt whatever that the normal date really is being gradually advanced.

## SCOTCH MOORS HAVE LET WELL.

It is much to be feared that there will be a large number of badly disappointed men in Scotland this autumn. It is not the more experienced of the tenants of shootings that will suffer the disillusion that must result in such disappointed hopes. As we all know, there have been in succession two seasons abnormally good for the grouse. It is this fact, probably, that has led to the very free renting of all shootings in the Highlands that have been put up to let. For that distinctly is the fact; the shootings have been letting extraordinarily well, so that by the end of May even it was scarcely possible for an intending tenant to find anything going. All had been, even at that early date, taken up. But the very fact of the two consecutive abnormally fine seasons would be quite enough to make the shrewd and expert man very much afraid of what the fortunes of the grouse might be in the third. Even one such good year as 1911 was sufficient to make any "knowledgable" man very anxious about the fortunes of the year 1912. In these great grouse years it is almost impossible that the stock left at the end of the season shall not be far heavier than the ground is able to carry, unless the conditions of the following spring are quite exceptional. The conditions of the spring of 1912 were quite exceptional, so that the large stock left over found sufficient food, and multiplied, with the really astonishing result of an at least equally good season in 1912. And, again, at the end of that season there was far too large a stock left over. It was too much to expect the abnormally fortunate event to happen again. The spring of this year has tried the birds very severely; only the strongest have found food. There has been immense mortality. In truth, the conditions have been exceptionally bad. We always find by experience that most of the reports which speak of overwhelming catastrophes to game are enormously exaggerated, but the account coming from the owner of a West of Scotland forest after the late remarkable rains in May is to be trusted generally. He said that the forest roads were "pestilential" owing to the decaying bodies of cattle, sheep and deer and other game drowned. That is an extraordinary statement, but it indicates how terrible the loss was in Scotland. So the hirers of the moors and forests are likely to find reason to repent of their barter.





**A**LTHOUGH the Versailles Ball at the Albert Hall will be ancient history when this issue appears, it is at the moment absorbing quite an appreciable share of attention. The services of all noted *couturières* have been requisitioned, and in more quarters than one there is to be observed certain signs and portents that the ball may have an aftermath in the shape of a revival of some of the vogues that obtained in the reign of Louis XIV. It is unlikely, of course, that these will extend to the extremely flowing skirts, bouffant sleeves, and long pointed stomacher bodices. But nothing would surprise me less than to find subtle details being introduced, such as groups of little ribbon tags, possibly fuller basques to the coats and the like. A great social and modistic event of this description is bound to bring to the surface a number of forgotten details, and is, consequently, in my humble opinion, well worth pondering over.

Naturally the dresses that are absolutely correct to the smallest item will arouse the greatest interest and acquire the highest praise. On the other hand, in all probability, the schemes that have, so to say, been tampered with by wearers who are prepared to lose a little authenticity in favour of what is likely to prove more becoming to them, will prove more acceptable to the average eye and taste. Next week, however, this theme will very likely be worth returning to, when we shall be in possession of the fullest and most exhaustive information. Isolated examples are not to be safely relied upon.

During the past few days I have been particularly interested in the arrival on the scenes of some of the quaintest old-world washing frocks we have been asked to consider for some time. They are essentially *ingénue* affairs, and the first impression they carry is of being rather dowdy. Indeed, they recall in no slight measure the heroines of Jane Austen's novels. Printed batistes and flowered mousselines are the materials chiefly culled to their cause, and the gowns are arranged with full skirts, the fulness, however, being usually laid in flat, stitched pleats at the waist, while at the hem perhaps a *bonillonnée* of the same material will be inserted, or a cluster of wee flounces.

The bodices are likewise full, with rather baggy sleeves, and are almost invariably finished with a fichu, while the waist is placed at a normal line. In the case of a white batiste, powdered over with a small pink flower, the fichu was of plain white mousseline, and was continued down the front as far as the knees, in the form of a narrow panel, for all the world like a little apron. In fact, if the "mannequin" displaying the frock had worn a smart soubrette's cap she might easily have passed as a picturesque stage chambermaid.

Another model of rather more *habillée* character was carried out entirely in a pale yellow batiste, certain portions of the dress being fashioned of the material plissé. And yet another was all white, with tiny *bouillonnées* for the selected ornamentation, with a Morland blue ribbon at the waist, tied in front with a flat bow with ends. After a long and careful survey of these models, I found my eye settling in pleased content over the departure; and I was, I must admit, rather surprised to learn how they had, one and all, emanated from the most exclusive Parisian sources. They are so completely "un-French" in feeling, and the very antithesis of the filmy, wispy confections at present being worn.

By a fortuitous coincidence, I have in hand for the week a picture of a simple washing frock for summer days that might well have gathered to its service a spotted batiste in white and Sévres blue, or white and tan, with a sash of silk, either black

or picking up the colour of the spot. The sleeves and chemisette are of the very softest fine white muslin, trimmed with frills of the same, a narrow black ribbon velvet encircling the cuffs of the sleeves and forming the *dégagé* little bow at the throat.

For the charming shady hat, strained aerophane is used that again accentuates the colour note in the gown, while over the crown there is carried a handkerchief corner of black silk, tied across the front in spreading loops and spiky ends.



FOR SUMMER DAYS.



It would be impossible to have a more illuminative example of the catholicity of choice that obtains this season, and which is accounting for the rather lax assertion that you can wear anything, than the finding of the above-described decidedly fussy batiste frocks side by side with the ultra-severe sports skirt and shirts that the French girl nowadays accepts and wears quite as ardently as her English sister. The edict that has gone forth with regard to these is, that with a white cotton éponge skirt there shall be worn a shirt of very fine soft white piqué, the latter finished with the usual picturesque collar; while to accompany a very coarse rib piqué skirt there is arranged a soft little cross-over blouse of white ninon, the front of which can be crossed at any height best



A SILK COAT WITH DEVONSHIRE TULLE COLLAR AND CUFFS.

pleasing and most becoming to the wearer, a tiny gauffred frill of the same outlining the edges.

What a change, indeed, from the erstwhile ugly starched drill and piqué skirts, and man-like shirts with high stifling collars, are these cool, soft, limp sports costumes, preferably completed by one of the new large, shady Panama hats, the brim of which just slightly curved upwards everywhere, the bright ribbon surrounding the crown emphasising the vivid tone of the accompanying sports coat. Two enchanting examples came under my notice only a day or two ago, one whereof hailed direct from Paris—a fair, tall girl, who looked ideally cool and chic in a piqué shirt and éponge skirt, the former thrown back at the throat with buttoned corners, behind which a black cravat was passed, the ends loosely knotted in front. Round the Panama hat an emerald green ribbon was carried, the exact shade of the short, neat, woven cashmere

sports coat and the little handkerchief to match. Speaking of Panamas, with no sort of disparagement to the wearing capabilities and complete satisfaction always afforded by the best qualities, I am constrained to proffer a word of high praise to a cheaper grade known as Formosa, that has put in a most determined appearance this season. What has conduced to launch this so quickly into favour is unquestionably the good style of the shapes.

But with Ascot as the direct incentive, I have just had a very surfeit of millinery. There is no getting away from the importance of headgear where this great race week is concerned—the exclusive milliners, indeed, conserving all their energies towards productions that shall startle and waylay the critical eye on the Berkshire course. It is no fault of mine that the twanging of the same string must go on anent tulle for hats. It is impossible to recall the craze ever riding before at such pressure. Of course, at this hour the very latest and most carefully guarded models are in our midst, and tulle is just as conspicuous as ever on these. It is to be remarked, however, that the little capote, that sat well on the head and was frequently clear enough to show the hair through, has given place to round shapes carried to a truly amazing height by loops of the transparency, and also to some with quite wide brims.

An all-black example, freshly arrived, and actually unpacked for my inspection, boasted, in addition to these astonishing loops of tulle, that spread out well beyond the brim, a magnificent black Paradise plume, that reared its stately height directly in front, the fronds parting at the summit and falling either side, like a diverted water-spout.

The giant tulle butterfly garniture, with its delicate feather antennæ, is, as was prophesied, a great success. As a rule, this is poised as though just about to take flight, on a small straw shape which picks up the outline of the wings. It is almost always, moreover, carried out in one scheme of colour, and is quite exceptionally seductive in all white. But in any expression, the pure white hat—the white of driven snow—can do no wrong. It was expressed to perfection in a small white pedal shape, the persistent volant of tulle extending well beyond the edge of the brim, while over the crown there was carried a boldly appliqué lace, surmounted at the back by a crowd of white tulle loops that, although light in effect, were, nevertheless, closely packed together—the result, as goes without saying, of consummate milliner skill. Life-sized white lisse Madonna lilies adorned a large, shady shape of exceptional elegance, together with a broad black ribbon velvet.

It is almost inevitable that flowers must come to wield a more than usually powerful sway in millinery as the summer advances. Primarily they are wonderfully charming, and the choice has been augmented by such originalities as clusters of foxgloves, shaded tulips, in which perhaps a simple black velvet specimen is included, and giant convolvuli. In fact, the tendency throughout is to magnify the size. And a further reason for this assured favour being cast upon floral decorations is the rapidly increasing price of osprey and paradise plumes, consequent upon the decreasing output. All the talk in the world and the assistance of the Selwyn Society has made not a whit of difference. The osprey has been insistently worn for years and, like the last flare of the candle, this present season is responsible for carrying the demand to an excess, the exorbitant prices notwithstanding.

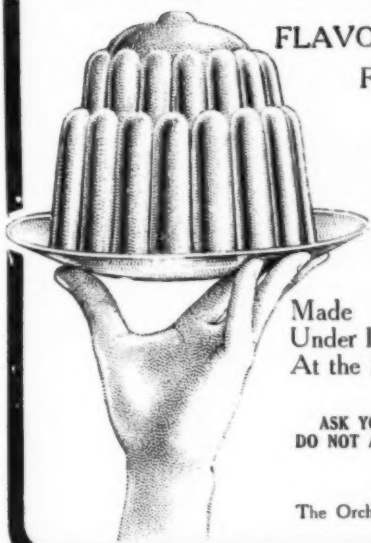
Millinery has never been so delusively simple. The shapes in the first place in all the new straws, including that strange lustre quality that looks as though it had been painted over with a patent polish, and the hand-made tulle and stretched aerophanes, command their own price, and the trimming, though sparse, is invariably of the above-described costly character. A small shape that has lately come to the front and built of this black lustre straw has the brim at the back turned sharply upwards, and is merely trimmed with a narrow band of black corded ribbon and a stiff brush osprey mounted at the back at a moderate angle. The tendency of the brim in front and at the sides is to droop, and the hat is worn at a smart side angle that almost conceals one eye. The revived Dolly Varden, meanwhile, has quite a large following already, and is being offered for young girls' wear entirely composed of tulle shaped into oblongs and laid one over the other on an invisible wired foundation.

Designed to accompany a dainty white lingerie gown next week is a pale pink tulle, after this style, the back raised up on a cache-peign of black ribbon velvet loops, while the sole decoration comprises a single black crushed-looking velvet rose laid at one side.

In the second sketch of the week there is shown a silk coat suitable for the races and summer wear generally. A *clair de lune* silk, patterned with roses in dull but natural tones, would look well relieved by collar and cuffs of biscuit tulle and worn with a hat of tulle in the same delicate hue with a soft cap crown, and a single realistic rose spray at one side.

L. M. M.

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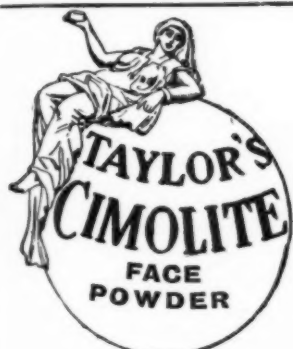


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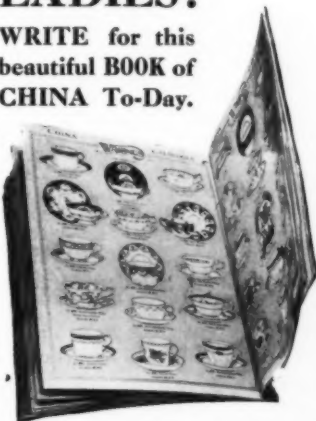
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## OUR DISTANT EMPIRE.

THE author of the article on "Farming in Equatorial Africa" has very kindly written a private letter, from which she suggests that we might make extracts to show what is going on in British East Africa. She also sends intimate letters addressed to herself of which the same use may be made. Obviously, this is an excellent way to arrive at a true understanding of the condition of the country, as the statements were never meant for publication. One of them is from her brother, and gives an account of what he is doing on his East African farm. With this explanation we proceed to make a few extracts. Of herself, she says: "I am a keen sympathiser with all true sport. My father, for eight years, shot and trapped in Canada in the forties and fifties. In my childhood days I heard many of his fine hunting stories of the backwoods of Canada, before development there. I may add that my brother is known in British East Africa as a fine sportsman—though he is my brother, I do not think it boasting to say it. But when a man, an utter stranger to me, comes up, calling himself a sportsman, and wounds a buck on our farm and doesn't trouble to follow it up, I feel indignant; besides the cruelty, its meat is of value to the settler. I am sure your reviewer and Captain Wilson will agree with me in this matter."

Her brother, writing from the farm, says: "I have a cart now, and brought out a first load of 800lb. the other day. The road is nearly finished. My water-pipe I shall finish in a day; it is now spurting a jet 25ft. high from a one-eighth-inch hole, and supplies over twenty tons per day. It is at the cattle boma now, and I shall have the jet in front of the



FEET OF NORTHERN HARE, SHOWING THE REASON FOR THE NAME OF "SNOWSHOE RABBIT."

house to-morrow eve. I took the further spring because it was 80ft. higher than where you had tea. Some of my coffee is over twenty-four inches high, and said to beat any in B.E.A. for its age. Things are moving here a bit now; they say steamers are booked up twelve months in advance for passengers. I am selling butter milk, and likely to do some transport. The grass all round the house—in fact, for four acres—is grazed down short by calves, and the house is in a ring fence, an 18ft. circular hut, grass roof and clay walls. My living-room and dairy are quite cool and nice; but you would admire the spring water from the pipe, clear and cold. I think it will run my maize-mill, separator and churn, and give four gallons per minute, or twenty-five English tons per day. It is nice for everything; a stream will flow constantly from it past the house, and I am ordering a ten-light dynamo, and shall keep one electric light going all night over the cattle boma."

The third letter is from an intimate friend in Nairobi. We quote the following from it: "You would hardly know Nairobi now, it is growing so rapidly, houses springing up everywhere; and Sixth Avenue (you know where the post office is) is rapidly becoming the principal street, large three-storey buildings going up. At one corner Captain Morrison is having a four-storey building put up opposite McKinnon's; it is to be mainly offices, but is to have a lift and all the very latest improvements. Then Cearn's are putting up a large warehouse, also Whiteaway, Lillaw and Co., and ever so many more."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE SNOWSHOE RABBIT.

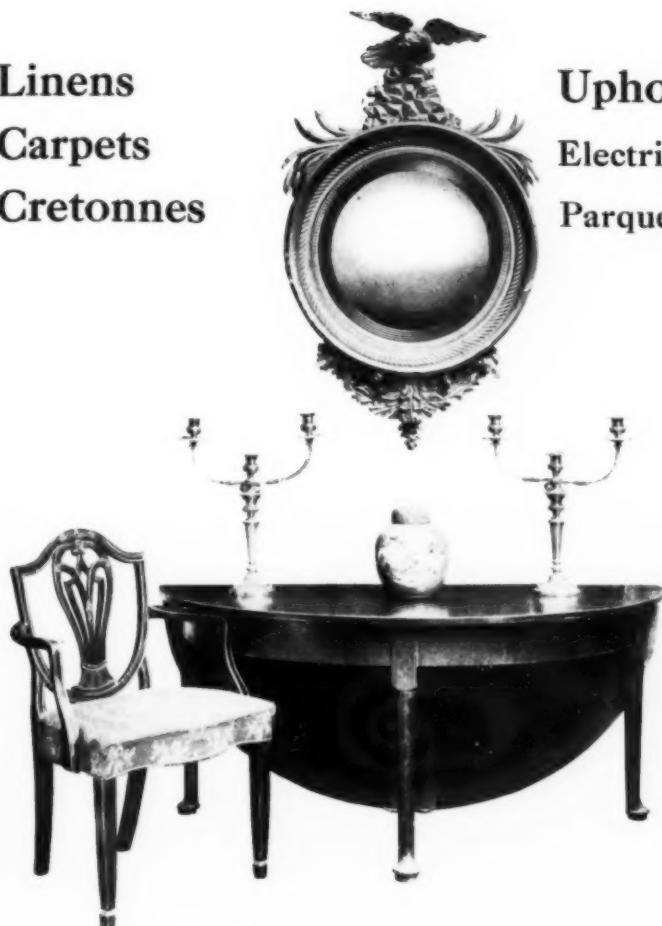
SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph, showing the feet of the hare or bush-rabbit. It was taken from a specimen shot in winter, and shows the reason for the popular name—the snowshoe rabbit.—H. H. PITMAN.



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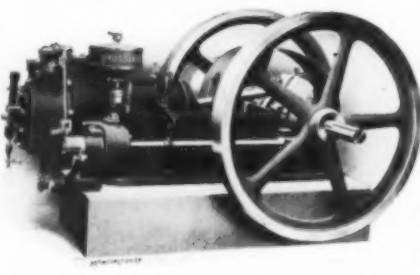
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## IN ITALY IN SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

SANTA MARGHERITA, March 26th.

WEDNESDAY.—Rain again! The sun is like the meat in a sandwich these days! It is always a case of two to one, and very little of the smaller denomination! Easter Sunday was an unforgettable day of rain, with everything shut out by a pall of mist which hung over sea and hill, while the rain fell in torrents and absolutely unceasingly from Saturday evening till the early hours of Monday. My windows showed me nothing but a few earnest souls in their best Easter array, picking their way through mud and rain and wind to early Mass, with neither cloak nor head covering, only a huge umbrella; the shawls or scarves for covering their heads before entering the church carefully carried in their hands to be kept dry. One would like to have followed them, but later on the hotel auto-bus whirled us down to Rapallo—a fearsome journey on those wet roads, and when we were not clutching the first available person or thing, we caught sight of a very storm-swept sea tossing the spray high over rocks or breakwater. Then back to a sombre luncheon in a shrouded room with electric light, after which the cosmopolitan crowd melted away and silence settled over the hotel. By the dinner-hour desperation had seized me, and I said to The Poetess: "Sunday or no Sunday, I am going to make myself as smart as I can, out of protest against this deluge!" So we went on our finest frocks and descended—to find all had done the same; fortunately, too, for our dinner proved a wonderful feast in honour of the season—champagne, and all our favourite delicacies, with flowers for every guest, and a delightful concert to round off the day. Monday was clearer, but sunless. The Poetess and I drove to Portofino-Kulm, whence we had a wonderful view over the two sides of the peninsula—northwards to Camogli, Nervi and Genoa, and southwards past Chiavari to Spezzia—but the Apennines and inland mountains were entirely shrouded by the still heavy clouds. I grieve to say that The Poetess and I quarrelled the whole way up, because she would have it that the country and prospect were not comparable with our own English Lakes and certain favourite haunts of Scotland. Perhaps not; I suppose it is all a case of "the point of view"; but why compare them? We were in beautiful, historic Italy—the land of the olive, the cypress and the vine—the home of all the arts—the number of most that counts with us for beauty. Why could we not take gratefully with open hands and minds the goods the gods showered on us at the moment? The Poetess really is a dear, so that I confessed my sins of irritability when I kissed her good-night, as she was saying good-night to the sea and as many constellations as were visible from her balcony, and whispered in her ear that I would withdraw my Philistine presence for the whole of the next day (leaving her in peace to her sonnets), and betake myself to the woods from morn till dewy eve. And that is really what I want to tell you about, if only I can find the words and the time. I have used up all my adjectives on this lovely country, and am wondering whether, after all, The Poetess may not have been right when she contended to-day at lunch that ours was a poverty-stricken language—she had read it somewhere, she knew! Of course, I combated the statement hotly (I seem to combat everything The Poetess says), and declared it was a matter of statistics that English was quite the richest language, with the largest vocabulary, and that, of course, few people used more than about half the words they might because they were shy of using "dictionary words" and being thought pedantic! To which the dear thing meekly replied that she "always thought most of the words we used could be found in the dictionary! That perhaps the book she was quoting from meant that we had fewer mellifluous words!" At this, of course, I collapsed. Argument could be carried no further when such dulcetly melodious expressions were rife, and, not being a poetess, I was afraid of getting out of my depth.

Thursday.—This is our sunny day, and I have come here to a secret spot high up among the olive trees, and a little way off the woodland path which leads from San Lorenzo to Portofino-Kulm, hoping to recapture the joys of Tuesday, when, true to my promise of the night before, I got some luncheon from the *garçon*, and came to spend my entire day in the woods. How is it possible to put into words the wonderful allurements of days and scenes such as these? So many things go to the perfecting of them—the solitude, the stillness, the long silences, broken only by the voices of occasional passers-by on the woodland path above me, or of *contadini* calling to one another at their work about the cottage far below; the play of light and shade through the gnarled olive trees, which chequers the vivid green of the young wheat on the terraces which fall away below my feet in almost countless succession; the mingled scents of beans in flower and aromatic plants brought out by the warm mid-day sunshine; all these alone give a delicious sense of rest and peace. And yet there is still more enchantment. The beautiful peninsula-promontory of Portofino is hidden in the west by the hills of which it is the continuation, and which rise above me to my right; but I look down and southwards through the soft grey veil of the olives on to the sea, and on to Santa Margherita, nestling in its own little bay in the Gulf of Rapallo, and across to the constantly curving coast-line, which is visible to-day as far as Spezzia. Across the bay the wooded hills run down almost into the sea, and little white villages, each with its towering campanile, climb up the slopes or nestle at the water's edge where some stream or mountain torrent has cut its way down to the sea, while the hills behind, now velvety in bronze and grey-green shadows, now sharply defined in the sunshine, pile themselves up fold upon fold, range after range mounting ever higher and stretching back into the far distance until they become mountains and the eye is carried to the gleaming snow-clad peaks of the Apennines far beyond. On Tuesday sky and sea were of the real Italian blue; to-day the blue is more that of the north, and there are white clouds, which here and there cast wonderful shadows on mountain and on sea.

But the beauty of the surroundings is not the only happiness of these solitary wanderings of mine. There is the charming friendliness and ever-failing courtesy of the country folk. The last time I came up here I had dropped my pencil (and, incidentally, my purse also) from the pocket of my coat, which I carried when climbing in the heat of the sun, for when I was going else for my letters was forthcoming, no pencil could be found, nor yet my purse. What could I do? To toil down to Santa Margherita again for other people's



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The Official Organ of the Ladies' Kennel Association (In p.)

Contents this Week:—

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Further Instalment of Dodo II. by Mr. E. F. Benson.

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least uninspiring. San Lorenzo even was a quarter of an hour away, up and down a cobbled path, and, besides, with not even a "soldi" in my pocket a shop was of little use. Would it be possible to borrow a pencil? Then I remembered having passed, not very far away, a particularly clean-looking cottage, with a very intelligent-looking girl bustling in and about it. So, after carefully concocting a string of Italian words utterly innocent of verbs, I plucked up my courage and went back. By this time, however, two or three stalwart brothers, bronzed, healthy, handsome, brown-eyed men and boys, had put in an appearance, evidently for the midday meal, and very nervously and diffidently I struggled to explain my errand. Their courteous patience, with smiles of encouragement, never a laugh at me, was a fine lesson in manners, and was so reassuring that it was easy to make them understand that I had lost my pencil, and a pen was instantly forthcoming; then I took out my penknife pretending to sharpen the pen, and with brilliant smiles of full comprehension, and much satisfaction of manner, a pencil was produced. Knowing no word either for "lend" or "return" I picked up the pencil, which was very blunt, and sharpened it with my penknife, which I then laid on the table, pushing it towards the girl with many thanks, and turned to make my adieux, saying, as I pointed to the pencil, "à très ore." They saw at once what I meant, and insisted on my taking my hostage penknife with me; and at last I returned in triumph to my hiding-place, and, of course, took back the pencil in the afternoon.

While I was eating my lunch and sunning myself on the steps, which are all that remains of an old Castello, and which now form part of a byway down the hillside, a small boy of about five climbed the steps carrying a scarlet camellia, which he silently offered me. Having by this time a good deal of experience

of the floral gifts of children, I did not take the flower, explaining that I had lost my "poche" with its "soldi," but as he still lingered wistfully, I at last took it while asking if he quite understood I could give him no "soldi." "Sì, sì, signor," and away he pattered. When he got back to the little cottage in the valley, scraps of much-excited conversation floated upwards, and presently a very old woman came toiling up the steps and began talking volubly to me. After many repetitions I found she had come to enquire about the lost purse, and I had great difficulty in reassuring her as to its value, but at last managed to convey the fact that I had no immediate intention of going back on the Santa Margherita road to look for a purse costing one lire and containing two with a few soldi. The old dame soon became very friendly, seating herself on the steps beside me and chattering away gaily (while I could only glean a word here and there) and encouraging me to talk Italian by asking how old I was! and when was my birthday? My halting replies evoked a lesson in counting up to a hundred, and then followed the names of the months—she requiring that each number and each name should be pronounced slowly after her; and when she was satisfied that I could at least pronounce them after some fashion, she wanted to know how long I had been at Santa Margherita, and which day I was leaving—this, of course, necessitated the names of the days of the week being recited, after which she wished to know all about and hear the letter I was writing, and which I really wanted to finish; so, after about half-an-hour, I rose and shook her warmly by the hand with many "Grazie, Signora" and "à riverdere," and the dear old lady at last left me carrying with her the remains of my very excellent luncheon, which had included five toothpicks! It was a little interrupting, but very amusing and delightful.

M. W.

## FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

### A PERFECT MEDICINE.

THE advent of summer is by no means an unmixed blessing to those who have any tendency towards gouty complaints, or to the dyspepsia which is frequently the forerunner of them, for if east winds try such constitutions, the alternate heat and cold which we have recently experienced do so in an even more pronounced manner. The only practical way of keeping digestive troubles in check is by the regular use of a gentle but effective aperient, and one which is absolutely safe and efficient will be found in Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. Formerly solid magnesia was employed for the same purpose, but if continued for any length of time it was proved in this form to be rather harmful than healthful, being apt to form concretions highly dangerous and sometimes even fatal in their effect. No such objection can be lodged against Dinneford's. On the contrary, it has been used for many years not only as an ordinary medicine, but often as the only one possible to assist the digestion of delicate infants and sufferers from serious complaints, such as internal irritation, gravel, gout, etc. In cases of skin disease which arise from similar causes it is also invaluable, and it relieves heartburn and corrects the acidity of wine in a wonderful way. For ordinary purposes half a wineglassful taken night and morning is all that is required to keep a normal system healthy, though the effect may be materially increased by the addition of a teaspoonful of Dinneford's Acidulated Lemon Syrup or lemon-juice and a little water, taking the draught during effervescence. This makes an excellent and quite agreeable saline draught.

### A LUXURIOUS TENNIS COURT.

Exquisite weather marked the opening of the St. George's Hill Tennis Club at Weybridge, a ceremony performed on Saturday last by His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck; and nearly three hundred guests assembled to watch the brilliant play which distinguished the American Lawn Tennis Tournament with which the club began its career. After opening the courts the Prince paid a visit to the golf links of which he is president, and after walking over part of the course returned to the tennis clubhouse for tea before motoring back to town. The club is in reality much more than a tennis club, for it includes besides twelve courts, two of which are hard, two croquet lawns and a bowling green, all laid down amid the most exquisite woodland surroundings. Close to the courts is the club-house, an ideal building for its purpose, not only providing a place for rest and refreshment, but also excellent facilities for balls, concerts and theatricals, and behind the club-house is a large boating lake for the summer recreation of the less energetic members. Apart from its complete equipment, its accessibility from town and its absolutely rural surroundings, the club is unique as forming a part of the huge St. George's Hill estate, which being completely enclosed and secluded, provides sites for residences, the owners of which will have the advantage of perfect golf, tennis and other open-air pursuits at their very doors.

### A CHOICE OF CIDERS.

With the increasing respect which good cider claims as a summer drink and the spreading demand for it, it is not surprising that the best makers, by the use of various types of fruit and distinctive treatment, are able to put several widely differing brands on the market; but so far, we believe, only one firm—Messrs. William Evans and Co.—have gone so far as to establish mills in both Devon and Herefordshire, in order to give their customers the characteristic ciders of each district; their Devon factory being at Hele, Cullompton, and their headquarters at Hereford. Not only this, but Messrs. Evans have also made a practice, since they first began cider-making in 1850, of buying their fruit from the same orchards. The soundness of this policy is evident from the exquisite quality of the ciders they turn out. Of these, the brand known as "Golden Pippin" is quite unique, having a character distinct from any other

cider, and at once appreciated, not only by those who are in search of a delicious beverage, but even more by those who understand the care and judgment required to bring the national wine to a perfect maturity.

### A DUST-PROOF MOTOR TRUNK.

One of the most important points for consideration when planning a motor trip of any length is that of luggage. In these days the motor has very largely superseded the train with many people, but no efficient substitute for the guard's van, into which one cast one's trunks in complete faith, and from which they generally emerged intact at the journey's end, has as yet been found. At first motorists tried lashing their ordinary travelling gear on to the car, but, apart from the unsightliness and—if anything was not quite secure—the risk of such a proceeding, the mixture of legitimate contents and road material that met one when the trunks were opened was anything but pleasing. The demand for compact and dust and wetproof luggage-carrying equipment has led to the introduction of more suitable articles, of which a most satisfactory example is seen in the grid trunk invented by Messrs. J. B. Brooks and Co. of Birmingham, who have made this branch of manufacturing peculiarly their own. The trunk is fitted with a double lid of patented form, which has proved impervious both to the most insidious dust and violent rain. It is only one of many excellent devices evolved by the makers for the comfort of motorists; and we would advise any of our readers who contemplate purchasing those accessories, without which a car can scarcely be considered ready for touring, to write to Messrs. Brooks and Co. for their illustrated catalogue of equipment specialities.

### GARDEN FURNITURE.

Among the numerous entries of garden furniture at the Royal Horticultural Show at Chelsea this year, considerable interest was taken in the fine exhibit of battleship teakwood garden furniture shown by Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co., Limited, Battleship Wharf, Blyth, Newcastle, which carried off the silver medal. Residents in the Southern Counties and in and around London will be glad to know that the makers of this admirable furniture have surmounted the difficulty of transacting orders from their headquarters in the North by appointing London agents in the shape of Messrs. Maple and Co. of Tottenham Court Road, W., and henceforward it will always be possible to see a large display of the various articles into which the old, well-seasoned teakwood is converted at the showrooms of this well-known firm.

### SUMMER SHIPPING RATES.

An important announcement to those who are planning a Continental holiday has just been made by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, who are now issuing special summer rates both to first and second class passengers to Marseilles and Antwerp by the magnificent steamers of their service, which sail every alternate Saturday between London and Japan. The principal object of the company is to give the travelling public, who do not wish to go so far afield as the Land of the Rising Sun, an opportunity of testing the comfort and sea-going qualities of the boats of their line. Handbooks and full information can be obtained from the head office, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

### HORTICULTURISTS AT HATFIELD.

By kind permission of Lord and Lady Salisbury the forthcoming Diploma Examination in Practical Horticulture organised by the Women's Agricultural and Horticultural International Union, open to competitors of either sex, will be held in the gardens of Hatfield House on July 16th, etc. The examiners are: Mr. Prime, head gardener at Hatfield; Mr. Hayleton, from North Myms Park; and Miss C. M. Dixon. Entry forms and particulars may be obtained from Miss J. S. Turner, Arlesley House, Arlesley near Hitchin. A meeting to make known the objects of the society will also be held on June 20th at Prestbury Park Farm, Cheltenham, by kind invitation of Mrs. Gardiner.

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